

EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

December
1929

TONO
ROCK SPRINGS
RELIANCE
WINTON
SUPERIOR
HANNA
CUMBERLAND

A monthly publica-
tion devoted to the
interests of the Em-
ployees of The Union
Pacific Coal Compa-
ny and Washington
Union Coal Company



Chesterfield

Cigarettes

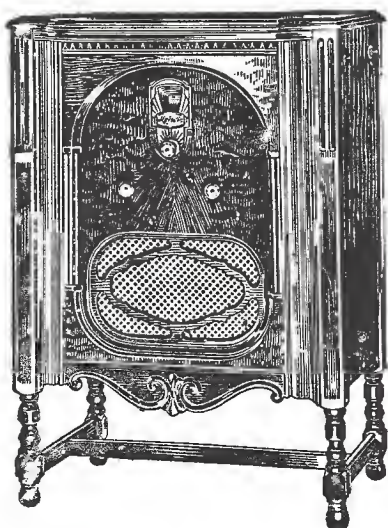
TASTE
above everything



Compliments of Mr. J. W. Emery, Division Manager
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., Cheyenne, Wyoming

Majestic RADIO

Again the Public benefits from new production economies.



**Famous
Model 91**

Formerly \$137.50
Less Tubes

NOW
\$116⁰⁰
LESS
TUBES

SENSATIONAL
NEW LOW PRICE
ON ALL MODELS
SOLD ON EASY
PAYMENTS
at all

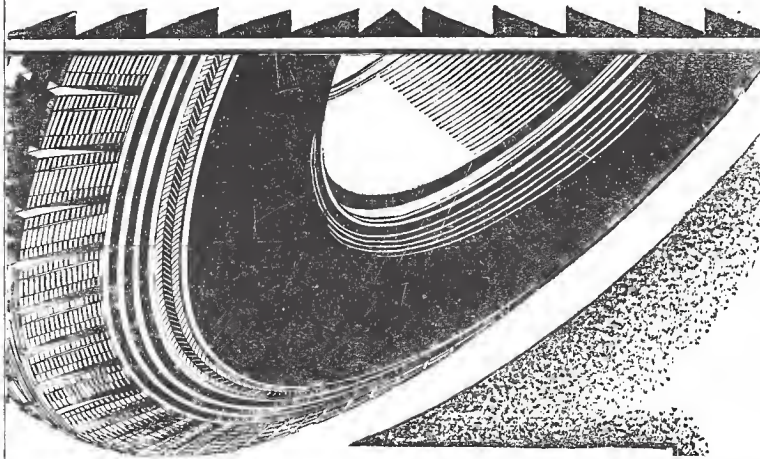
UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY STORES

DAY in and day out
Majestic has pro-
duced up to 6,000 com-
plete Radio Sets per day,
with an organization
whose efficiency has
amazed the world. Con-
tinually improving pro-
duction methods has en-
abled Majestic to lower
prices to a point you can't
afford to longer pass up.
Now is the time to get
your MAJESTIC.

Courtesy of Intermountain Majestic Company

Denver, Colorado

EXTRA HEAVY
For Hard Driving-
The new U.S. ROYAL



New Low Prices
In Effect
For Christmas Shoppers

at any of

The Union Pacific Coal Company
Stores

A Royal Cord for Christmas



The magic of Royal Cord sounds like it would be an appreciated gift for the Old Man; it would be a pleasure for any man with a car to have Santa Claus bring him a

"ROYAL CORD"



All during the coming year it would recall to him the pleasures of Christmas as he enjoyed the service it will give on any car.



Best Wishes—

To the Employees of
THE UNION PACIFIC COAL CO.

A Merry Xmas

and

**A Happy and Prosperous
New Year**



The J. A. Battin Stove Supply Co.
DENVER, COLO.

(Jobbers of Stoves and Furnaces)
Repairs and Supplies

A Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year



**Blackfoot
Creamery Company**

Velvet Brand
Butter—Eggs—Poultry



Blackfoot, Idaho

**All
Wool
Always**

NATIONAL TAILORING CO.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Thanks the employees of the Union Pacific
Coal Co. for their valuable patronage and
takes this occasion to extend

Best Wishes of the Season to All.

National Clothes

Made to Measure

We
Recommend

to the
 Employees of

**The Union Pacific
 Coal Company**



as

**Christmas
 Gifts**



our
 Mountain Brand

**Hams
 Bacon
 Lard and
 Sausage**



**The American Packing &
 Provision Company**

Ogden, Utah



.....
Cor-betta

*Superior
 Quality*

ICE CREAM



**RHODES RANCH
 EGG COMPANY**

*Oldest
 Egg and Poultry
 House
 in the West*



.....
 1525 MARKET STREET
 DENVER, COLORADO



May Golden West Coffee

*play as important
a part
in your New Year
as it has
in former ones*

— Closset & Devers
Manufacturers of
Golden West Coffee

Suggestions for Christmas

*Christmas comes but once a year
Receive it with good cheer.
Here you will find so many gifts
To please each one this year.*

Do not forget we have OREGON CITY

Woolen Blankets

Enjoy being warm while you sleep. Protect yourself from catching cold through the cold Winter Nights.

FATHER—

Silk and Rayon Shirts
Shaving Sets
Silk and Wool Hose
Silk Ties
Garter Sets

MOTHER—

Silk Bath Robes
Quilted Lounging Robes
Rayon Bed Spreads
Colored Pequot Sheets and
Pillow Cases

CHILDREN—

Toys
Gift Sets for All Ages
Games and Books
Bed Room Slippers

WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY STORE
TONO, WASHINGTON.

EMPLOYEES' MAGAZINE

THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY
WASHINGTON UNION COAL COMPANY

VOLUME 6

DECEMBER, 1929

NUMBER 12

The Cathedral of Milan

AFTER our recent studies of French and English Gothic cathedrals with their two towers and many similarities, and our own cathedrals, Saint John the Divine and the Washington National Cathedral which take on the best features of many others, a glance at the Cathedral of Milan promises something of an adventure—an adventure we have been anxious to take ever since we caught our first view of the famous marble cathedral through the eyes of a friend. We saw the forest of marble pinnacles and heard that it is quite possible to take a journey among them—and find at the end after traversing the paths and stairs, a tea shop in one of the towers. We'd probably need the tea too so may plan to make this a physical adventure.

There is a very great deal of dissension about the architectural merit of this, the most unusual example of Italian Gothic architecture. It would seem that in the eyes of the best judges the Gothic of Italy never rose to the excellence of the countries "beyond the Alps." And that this, the Cathedral of Milan, fails to express the grandeur of simplicity. "Even if," says one critic, "the supposed principles of the style were most thoroughly exhibited in it, yet it seemed to lack something of the true spirit."

Milan Cathedral is constructed of white marble. The plan is that of a latin cross, the transepts projecting to the depth of one of their three bays beyond the aisles of which there are two on either side of the nave, but one only on either side of the choir and transepts.

Francis Bumpus says: "From its size, and the sumptuousness of its materials and adornment, the exterior of Milan will always appeal to the masses, while to the true artist with the beautiful proportions and studied simplicity of Amiens and Rheims fresh in his mind, it must appear vulgar and unsatisfactory." This is severe criticism. Perhaps

we belonged to tourist masses when we wanted to adventure among the pinnacles and take tea in a steeple. Some one else suggests that these same pinnacles do not penetrate beyond the flat roof to point to loftiness.

But we preferred to follow a friend who arrived at the cathedral when services of worship were being conducted and had written in her note book Tennyson's:

Oh Milan, Oh the chanting quires;
The giant window's blazon'd fires;
The height, the space, the glory!
A mount of marble, a hundred spires.

She had arrived early and guides, available during service as always, had many lovely things to tell, the inner meanings of pillars and arches, roof and windows, lights and shadows. And if, with her, we are carried into the cathedral of the ninth century and fail to feel the poetry of architecture to the full extent, we can appreciate the wondrous effects produced during masses, "the giant window's blazoned fires" when there is the beauty of the burst of light at the eastern end when the whole choir and apse are illuminated from the rising sun; then the southern transept and aisles receive the reflection of noonday; the light gradually passing round, till the classical western windows are lighted up with the glowing tints of sunset. And presently, almost imperceptibly, twilight comes and only the candles on the altar give light. We once sat in Notre Dame of Paris through the sunset and twilight hour, and until only the candles lighted the huge silk flags behind them, their color giving warmth to the light.

There was, says the critic guide we've been following a great concourse of folk present for the mass she attended, but there was no impression of

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Jessie McDiarmid, Editor.



The Cathedral of Milan—Italy

a crowd. There seemed room for a nation to come in to worship. And it was still a cathedral. In ordinary buildings, when filled to capacity, the architecture disappears. Not so this cathedral. Fill it full of folks and it would still be greater than them all. As the sky is bigger than the stars it proudly frames and holds, so is Milan greater than the throngs of worshippers that visit it.

Run of the Mine

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

IT IS again my privilege to extend to all my fellow employees, their families and friends, my most sincere wishes for a happy and joyous holiday season.

The year that is about to pass has been one of prosperity to our people, this in spite of the many doubts expressed by a few, this time a year ago. Our mines have worked more steadily, improvements in earnings and living conditions have been ef-

fectured, until it can be properly said that life was more comfortable for all in 1929 than it has been found to be in any previous year.

We are living in a shifting age, nothing seems permanent, and yet the fundamentals that govern existence remain unchanged. Men and women are marrying, and giving in marriage, children are born, and death comes as he ever has, too early, and oh! how suddenly, in so many cases. Standards of living will continue to change, to improve, to make for greater happiness. The improvement will come as it has in the past, from straight thinking, and not from incendiary blatancy or delirious sooth-saying.

I am deeply grateful to the splendid men and women who, to an overwhelming extent, compose the force behind the properties which we have tried to manage not alone in the interest of the owners, but even more so, in a way to make life happier and sounder for those who work with their hands.

I trust that 1930 will show an even greater fulfillment of our hopes and expectations.

Very cordially yours,

Eugene McDuffie

Our Employees' Magazine

WITH the December number we conclude the sixth year of publication of the Employees' Magazine, Volume I, No. 1, published in January, 1924. The first issue contained but sixteen pages, printed in eight point type, the first page containing the statement addressed to our employees that we "hoped the magazine would be received in the same spirit of good will with which it was sent out."

The number of men employed by our companies has been materially reduced since 1924, the magazine, however, has grown in size and circulation, one issue, at least, attaining the proportions of sixty pages, numerous governmental departments, mining engineering schools, colleges, public libraries, etc., carried on our regular mailing list.

Doubtless some of the material prepared for the magazine could be improved upon, but with our tremendously mixed readership, including the very young and the very old, we try to cover some subject each month of interest to at least a majority of our readers. Beginning with the year 1925, a series of leading articles have been published each year, the world's great poets covered in that year. In 1926 we reviewed the activities of some of the world's great men; in 1927 the world's paintings and painters; in 1928 the world's great operas; and in 1929 an attempt was made to portray the architecture and history of the leading churches and cathedrals of the world.

Our editor has promised to review the seven great wonders of the worlds during the year 1930, and the Senior Philosopher has promised to dig up some information regarding the early origin of the coal industry, attempting to recite the story of its trials, tribulations and achievements, through its life of nine centuries.

Thomas Alva Edison

THOSE who "listened in" on the radio program that was sent out from Mr. Henry Ford's "Greenwood" Village on the occasion of the opening exercises of "Light's Golden Jubilee" will remember the few faltering words uttered by Mr. Edison, a great American, who like his earlier prototype, Benjamin Franklin, sprang from a lowly beginning, to rise by his genius to a position best expressed by the word sublime. Modest, unassuming, grateful; Mr. Edison's few words, at the age of 82, carried a note of finality—of farewell, for it is doubtful if this grand old man will ever be heard by a nation-wide audience again.

We, who are in the business of mining coal, know Mr. Edison's work fairly well. We are familiar with the incandescent light, the phonograph, the storage battery locomotive, and the many other inventions that are the children of his brain. Perhaps our most intimate contact with Mr. Edison's

work rests with his "electric cap lamp," and so we take the liberty of reproducing an article written by a man whom many of us know and admire, Mr. John T. Ryan, formerly of the U. S. Bureau of Mines, now Vice President and General Manager of the Mine Safety Appliance Company of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Mr. Ryan's tribute to Mr. Edison follows:

"Only men and women well past middle age can appreciate what Edison has done for the world. Younger folks have heard the tales of these old days, but they have not seen and do not understand the actual difference made in daily living. They may have read by the light of coal oil lamps on an occasional time, but they do not know what it once cost in comfort when everyone struggled with them daily. The successful lighting of the lamp itself was but a laboratory experiment, and had Mr. Edison done that alone, his name would still be among the immortals. Realizing that light itself would be no good unless people used it, he set himself to the task of creating an entire system for transmitting the electricity which led to his development of the first central power station.

"While Edison is best known generally throughout the world for his invention of the incandescent light, yet this is only one of the many hundreds of useful inventions that he is responsible for. He is known and classed as the world's greatest inventor, not only from the standpoint of the usefulness of his inventions and what they have done for humanity, but for the number and variety of his inventions as well.

"Edison can be classed not only as the world's greatest inventor, but also as the world's most modest great man, as he is always depreciating his own ability and genius.

"In discussing his work with the writer a few years ago, he depreciated his own inventive genius and attributed his success solely to hard work and concentration on the problem before him and bringing it to a successful conclusion by continually trying one experiment after another until he found the answer—surely a worthy example for all of us to follow regardless of the nature of our work.

"Edison's invention of the electric cap lamp, is, of course, overshadowed by many of his other inventions, and few people appreciate what this invention has accomplished in the way of safeguarding the safety of the miners working underground and making his work more pleasant and efficient through proper and adequate illumination.

"The story has been told many times of his invention of the incandescent lamp, storage battery, phonograph, etc., but the story of his work on the Edison electric cap lamp is little known.

"The Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Company, the largest miners of anthracite coal in America, with main offices at Pottsville, Penna., were intensely interested in electric lamps for underground workmen in order to provide better illumination and safety against the ignition of gas.

"Mr. Jennings, their electrical engineer, began investigating their electric mine lamp problem as early as 1906, and this company was using electric storage battery and lamps for special work as early as 1908. Their sphere of usefulness, however, was limited as the workmen complained of their being too cumbersome for practical purposes on pitching veins, and it was essential that they have a lamp which would permit both hands being free.

"Their experience gained from the limited use of the electric hand lamp fully demonstrated the advantages that a practical electric lamp would have over the open flame lamp, and they started an investigation into the possibilities of developing a practical electric lamp that would not have to be carried by hand. Mr. Jennings investigated very thoroughly the possibilities of a storage battery to be carried on a belt with a cable leading to the head-piece to be worn on the cap. He found, however, after a thorough investigation, that it was impractical to design a lead storage battery of the desired weight that could be carried on the body without discomfort and at the same time burning a miniature carbon lamp of half candle power longer than a few hours; and the inefficient carbon lamp and heavy lead battery defeated every attempt to use a lamp on the cap, lighted from a battery carried on the body.

"During 1909 the Tungsten miniature lamps were first placed on the market in America for limited or special commercial uses. The efficiency of the Tungsten lamp was three to four times that of the old carbon lamp, and this revived the activities of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Company and their development of an electric cap lamp, and their investigation concentrated on the storage battery, and they tried out many types with indifferent success.

"About this time Edison's nickel iron storage battery had passed the development stage and was being successfully used for many applications; and in March, 1911, Mr. Jennings obtained a personal interview with Mr. Edison and secured his interest largely through the humanitarian argument that Mr. Jennings presented, and even though Mr. Edison was very deeply absorbed in other lines of research work, he found time to devote to the development of the miner's lamp and made up a number of samples which were delivered to Mr. Jennings in May, 1912, for trial purposes. These lamps gave such encouraging results that Mr. Edison decided to make up additional lamps to install to get a more general test. Mr. Edison retained his interest in the problem and developed many improved models even though at that time there seemed no commercial market for such a device except in the minds of a few people.

"Edison kept on improving the design and making up additional samples for trial purposes, but made no effort to market the lamp.

"During this time the writer and Mr. Deike, President of our company, were associated with the U. S. Bureau of Mines and had to do with the testing of safety lamps; and our work also took us to practically all the large mine explosions in the country during the period 1911 to 1914, and we were impressed by the fact that the majority of them were caused by open lights, and if a practical and efficient electric cap lamp could be introduced, the explosion hazard caused by open lights could be eliminated.

"In 1914 we decided to organize our company with the idea in mind at that time of devoting our energies to the elimination of mine explosions by developing and promoting the introduction of safety devices that would tend to prevent them. We were familiar with what Mr. Edison was doing in the development of the electric cap lamp and we were among those few, along with Mr. Jennings, of the Philadelphia & Reading Coal & Iron Company, and some officials of the Bureau of Mines, who thought that the electric cap lamp would be a great safety device in the prevention of mine explosions. As we had faith in Mr. Edison's ability to produce the best lamp, we immediately began negotiations for the handling of the lamp; but he would not consider selling them until it had been approved by the Bureau of Mines, which approval was granted in 1915. Even at that time he had no idea that it had any commercial value, and I fully believe that he thought we were crazy when we predicted what we could develop in the way of a market. Since 1915, over 350,000 Edison electric cap lamps have been distributed by us in the United States and Canada.

"Mr. Edison's sole interest in this development was actuated not for commercial reasons, but solely for the humanitarian arguments presented to him by Mr. Jennings."

Mr. John P. White Joint Umpire

ON APRIL 16, 1929, a rather extraordinary innovation in labor relations was put into effect by The Union Pacific Coal Company. We refer to the agreement under which Mr. White, Grand International Representative, and a past President of the U. M. W. of A., was delegated as Joint Umpire with power to dispose of any unsettled labor disputes that might arise between the men and the company that could not be settled under the contract. To this writing no occasion to refer even a single disputed matter to Mr. White has arisen, and since April 16th thirteen additional Wyoming coal companies have joined our company in the arrangement, nearly ninety-one per cent of the state tonnage now under the agreement.

On June 8, 1929, the operators and mine workers in Illinois, following the lead of Wyoming, appoint-

ed Mr. W. B. Wilson, former Secretary of Labor and Ex-Secretary of the U. M. W. of A., arbitrator, with power to settle undisposed of matters that might arise between the Illinois operators and their employes.

It is such men as Mr. White and Mr. Wilson, each of whom bear a record of long continued, honest and courageous service performed in behalf of labor, carried on with due regard to the rights of the employer and the coal consuming public, that will save Unionism; if it is to be saved to the mine workers.

O Tempora! O Mores!

ONE of our most vivid impressions of Latin-America, gained at an early and impressionable age, was that of the many vultures that flew about in the sky over any prospective or possible carrion. Whether it was an old sheep who fell out of the flock from weakness, or a worn-out burro turned out to die, hundreds of these evil looking pirates swung and circled above their quarry, waiting for their ounce of flesh.

When we read the blackguardism that fills the columns of a certain weekly paper which presumes to espouse the cause of Union labor, while attempting to destroy the character of fellow unionists, or we glance at the headlines that are presented in certain radical sheets whose battle cry is "give us your dollar, the old Union has failed," memory takes us back to the ill smelling, bestial looking vultures, first referred to.

The mine workers in the great state of Illinois are indeed to be pitied. Their Union torn apart by dissenting factions, charges of misappropriation and theft, hurled back and forth by men who took a solemn obligation to serve the interests of those who toil in the mines, with the ghouls who publish a dozen incendiary, soul corroding sheets, fattening on the carrion, the men, their wives and children, are in a serious plight.

While the American Federation of Labor in National Convention were solemnly protesting against law by injunction, one faction of the Union sought and obtained an injunction against the action taken by another Union element. Over all the inter-Union discord, a former Union officer who was thrust out of the ranks on the charge that he sold out to a large employer, discharges not columns, but pages of abuse and vituperation. And as they say in the movies, "so on into the night."

Where the present situation will end it is hard to say, the fact remains, however, that the cause of coal mining Union organization has been swept into a veritable maelstrom of calumny, scurrilous abuse, charge and counter charge. A half dozen self termed organizations are in the meantime fighting for the dollars of the mine worker, willing to promise anything (at reduced prices), if they will only come up and sign on the dotted line. O tempora! O mores!

The Young People's Entertainment, October 12th

IT WAS our great pleasure to receive in November, three very delightful letters, written by children of the second, third and fourth grades, Lowell School, Rock Springs, Wyoming, expressing their appreciation of the young people's entertainment given in the Old Timers Building, October 12th.

The Grosjean Concert Company furnished the entertainment, and judging from the tone of the three letters received, "Eddie," the mischievous and not too well-behaved doll, was the hit of the afternoon.

While we appreciate that men and women who have passed middle life should perhaps have outgrown Punch and Judy shows, concentrating on the more serious things of life, we desire to make full and frank confession of the fact that if we had known that "Eddie" was to have talked right out and even "spit" at the young people in the front row, a certain person whose remaining hair is quite gray, would have been quite close to that same front row.

Punch and Judy shows were shown hundreds of years ago in the rural districts of England and one of the first moral lessons we ever imbibed came from our first doll show. In the old days, Punch was very rough and abusive toward Judy and when our then tender soul was outraged to the point of tears, by the cuffs and harsh words that the old scamp gave his wife, little Judy, all was made right and the cause of justice was well served by the sudden appearance of Old Satan who pulled Punch down with him into the bottomless pit.

British Institution of Mining Engineers Presents Medal to George S. Rice

AT THE fortieth annual general meeting of the Institution of Mining Engineers, which took place at Burlington House, London, England, on October 30th last, the President, Professor Henry Louis, presented the medal of the institution to Mr. George S. Rice, Chief Mining Engineer, United States Bureau of Mines, in recognition of "his eminence in all matters relating to the safe working of coal mines and the well-being of mine workers, with special reference to the practical application of scientific knowledge." He said that Mr. Rice's work was well known to all mining engineers, and was reflected quite clearly in the marked decrease in the accident death-rate in the coal mines of the United States since Mr. Rice had been at work at the Bureau of Mines. He had not worked by any means exclusively for the United States, and the British Empire had on various occasions had the benefit of his experience. His advice on several

occasions had been solicited by the Canadian Government. He had also facilitated the close interchange of ideas and experiences between the Bureau of Mines and the Safety in Mines Research Board in this country. He hoped that the unification of effort between the two great English-speaking nations might be the prelude to a still wider co-operation between all coal-producing countries. There was already a partial co-operation with France, but the speaker hoped that eventually all coal-producing nations would unite to exchange views and experiences.

Mr. Rice, who amid applause received the medal, referred to three previous medallists who, he said, had had an influence upon his own work—namely, Sir William Atkinson, Sir William Garforth, and Dr. J. S. Haldane. The co-operation between the United States Bureau of Mines and the Safety in Mines Research Board, to which the president had alluded, had been a distinguished success, which they in the Bureau considered had been of great benefit partly due to the high character of the research workers sent over to the American side, and partly to the fine research instinct of Prof. R. V. Wheeler, Director of Research, in supervising and consulting on the joint problems. The idea of extending co-operation to other countries in order to obtain greater safety to miners, irrespective of nationality, was a noble one, and he hoped it might be carried out, and that it would include the health conditions of miners also. Not only in deep hot mines, but in gassy and dusty mines, it was difficult to separate health and safety needs in ventilation—on the one hand, to prevent siliceous dust; and, on the other, to have adequate stone dusting. Safety in mining was always a relative, not an absolute term. Recently the problems of mining engineers in both countries had increased. The effect of introducing machines of whatever type into mines usually meant that at first the individual hazard of an employe was increased, although there was a decrease in the loss of life and limb per unit of annual production, provided the machines were successful in accelerating the output.

The medal presented to Mr. Rice by this great British Mining Engineering organization represents a splendid tribute to the fine work done by Mr. Rice for the mining industry, not only in America, but in our sister state, Canada, and abroad.

Our New Men From Iowa

IOWA has always borne the reputation of maintaining a very dependable class of mine workers and at one time the state had a very substantial production of coal. The higher grade Illinois coals first began to encroach on the Iowa market, and more recently West Virginia and Kentucky have virtually taken the markets of that state. Within the past few months a number of Iowa men have come to Wyoming. The Des Moines,

Iowa, Register recently published an article regarding the Iowa coal situation, from which we quote:

"One half of Iowa's 14,000 coal miners are out of work, a survey of the state completed Saturday by Martin Vander Meulen, president of the Des Moines Trades and Labor assembly, revealed.

"Mr. Vander Meulen, himself a miner by profession, visited virtually all sections of the state in making his survey and spent considerable time in visiting the state's main coal producing fields around Albia and Centerville.

"'West Virginia, Illinois and Kentucky coals have practically taken the Iowa market,' declared Vander Meulen, in commenting upon the results of the survey. 'Too many Iowans are using imported coals.'

"'At Albia and Centerville, the chief producing coal centers in the state, men are working less than half time, which is a tragedy at this time of the year when all Iowa miners should be employed full time.'

"Vander Meulen declared that there was considerable suffering among miners and their families due to the condition resulting from unemployment. He said he had visited many homes where the occupants had little or nothing to eat.

"'Many of the homes I visited had less to eat than our penal institutions. Children, because of insufficient funds, are being neglected in dress and education. It is a crime for such a situation to exist in a state like Iowa,' he said."

Mr. Vander Meulen is hopeful that the Coal Commission appointed by Governor Hammill will help the Iowa market but we have not observed that volunteer political movements have ever accomplished very much for any industry, as for example, the price of wheat has gone down steadily since the government began its attempts to bolster up same through loans.

Wyoming lacks the corn fields and meadows that cover the state of Iowa, but our mine workers do not suffer the want and privation referred to by Mr. Vander Meulen as now experienced by the miners of Iowa and their families.

A New Departure

EFFECTIVE November 16, 1929, a new position was created in the operating department



Mr. I. N. Bayless

of The Union Pacific Coal Company, that of Assistant General Manager. The new office will be filled by Mr. I. N. Bayless, who resigned the position of General Superintendent of the Utah Fuel Company with headquarters at Castle Gate, Utah, to come to The Union Pacific Coal Company.

Mr. Bayless is a

relatively young man, born at Marion, Williamson County, Illinois, his parents natives of Great Britain. At an early age he began to work in the Illinois mines, thereafter gaining experience in coal mines located in Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Kentucky. In the capacity of General Superintendent of the "Kathleen" Mine of the Union Colliery Company located at Dowell, Jackson County, Illinois, Mr. Bayless was perhaps the first man to fully mechanize a large mine, the "Kathleen" having produced one million tons of coal mechanically loaded during the last year of Mr. Bayless' incumbency. Prior to his connection with the Union Colliery Company he served as a Mine Foreman in the Ziegler Mine and later as superintendent for the Peabody Coal Company and the Dering Coal Company.

Mrs. Bayless is recovering from a serious illness and will join Mr. Bayless at Rock Springs in the near future.

Death of Senator Francis E. Warren

On Sunday, November 24th, a great and good man died, Senator Francis E. Warren of Wyoming. Senator Warren, then a young man of 24, wearing the Congressional Medal of Honor, won for valor in the Civil War, arrived in Wyoming 61 years ago. Poor in wealth, rich in character, the young man was not long in winning a position of importance in the life of his state to be. Serving as President of the Territorial Legislature, appointed Governor of Wyoming Territory in 1885, elected as Governor of the State when it was admitted into the Union in 1890, later to become United States Senator, such was the early record of Francis E. Warren.

Senator Warren served his state continuously since 1885, winning for himself a name that became a household word throughout the nation. In his own state he was personally known to everybody; known, loved and respected.

To die at 85, respected, honored, mourned, is quite as much as any man can well hope for in this world. Such was the heritage earned by this friend of every citizen of Wyoming.

The Scots Will A' Be Out

Hey ye Sons of Caledonia, here's something grand ye'll a' be interested in. There's ta be a Scottish concert and dance, a maist extraordinary occasion in the toon o' Rock Springs on the nicht o' Saturday, December fourteenth. It's tae be in the Old Timers Building and there'll be a Scot at the door so ye'll just need tae tak yer penny bag wi' ye.

In the concert company that's tae come frae ither

parts, there's three lassies and Maister Neil Patterson. Ane o' the girls, Miss Louise Graham, is a dancer—a professional ye ken, an' ma sakes but the little boddie is fair covered wi' medals and badges. She's mair decorated than the top sergeant o' a Luxemburg regiment. An' she has 200 cups for bye. She disna carry them aroun' but if she was tae take a fancy tae ye there's no denying they might be real useful. Then there's Miss Mary MacMahon—an' if ye value yer life dinna forget yersel when yer dancing with her and call her Mic. She's that particular aboot the Scottish pairt o' her name bein' sounded richt out. But of course she has a bit o' Irish in her. The pianist o' the group is Miss Doris Kimball, a sonsie lass in Scottish costume. An' there's Maister Patterson who plays the pipes and gives Scottish characterizations, (that was sich a big word ma' pen fair stumbled). Tam O'Shanter and ither notables and immortals will be brought tae the stage tae dae their bit for ye. It'll be side-splittin'.

And that's no all. The McAuliffe Pipe Band has promised tae help, an' tae dae up the toon wi' new tunes. Some o' our own lads and lasses will dance the fling an' I've nae doot ye'll all get a try at the Scottish schottische. There's just nae doot it'll be the grandest affair, the sublimest burst since tuppence fairs went inta effect in Edin-burgh.

Jest save the nicht an' ye'll see all yer friends there—at the Old Timers Community Building on Saturday night, December fourteenth.

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The Christmas Goose at the Cratchits'

By Charles Dickens

YOU might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds, a feathered phenomenon to which a black swan was a matter of course; and in truth, it was something like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and the grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge in the breast; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all around the board and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone on the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onions to the eye-brows! But now the plates were being changed by Miss Belinda. Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witness—to take the pudding up and to bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out. Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the backyard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose; a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress next door to that! That was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered flushed but smiling proudly, with the pudding like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she'd had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for so large a family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put on the table and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew around the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done, and Bob served

Scottish Concert and Dance

Only Scottish dialect will be spoken at this dance and Messrs. Dave Wilson, Archie Auld and James Stark are now giving lessons in preparation for the event.

it out with beaming looks while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed: "A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

What's the Rush?

"Darling," cried a young wife as darling came home from the office, "there's going to be a new grocery store in the neighborhood."

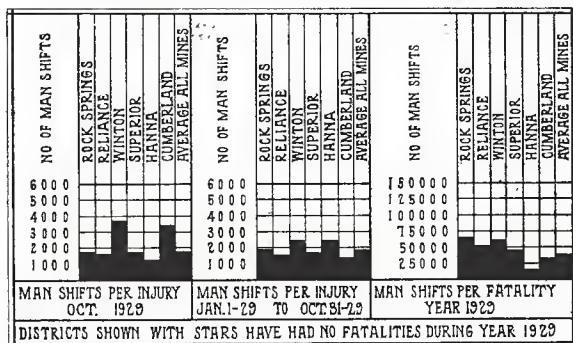
"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "We surely are prospering. We haven't exhausted our credit with the last one yet."



Rock Springs Community Christmas tree, December, 1928.

Make It Safe

October Accident Graph



During the past month twenty-nine injuries were reported from the six mining districts, six more than for the preceding month. The record for the month with man shifts worked is as follows:

Place	Man Shifts	Injuries	Man Shifts Per Accident
Winton	7,393	2	3,697
Cumberland	3,409	1	3,409
Rock Springs...	15,949	9	1,772
Superior	12,307	7	1,758
Reliance	6,377	4	1,594
Hanna	7,474	6	1,248
All Mines ...	52,911	29	1,825

The average for all districts, 1,825, is slightly below the average for the year and some 200 man shifts lower than the average for the preceding month.

During October, with one or two exceptions, the majority of the injuries were not severe and while there were several instances of fractures they were usually small bones, bones which knit readily and leave no serious after effects. There were no fatal accidents during the month.

A note-worthy feature of the month's injuries is the fact that there were remarkably few injuries due to roof falls and no eye injuries. If sufficient care can be exercised to prevent these accidents for a month, it is logical to assume that if the same care was used at all times we would be equally free from injuries due to roof falls.

Again, as in past months, practically all injuries were due to a large variety of causes, the result of failure on the part of the injured to take ordinary precautions.

A wise man does not wait for experience to teach him that safety is the best policy; and after all the doctrine of safety is a simple one. Indifference, carelessness, thoughtlessness and negligence are all enemies of safety.

Be on the alert—anticipate the danger and avoid it.

Safety Field Has Reason to Honor Edison For His Cap Lamp

In this year of grace—1929—light is celebrating its golden jubilee. It is really a tribute of recognition, admiration and gratefulness this nation and other nations are pleased to pay to the man who made possible lighting as we know it today. Search the pages of human achievement and few will be found to outclass and cer-

tainly none outshine Thomas A. Edison's monumental contribution of fifty years ago when he gave us electric lighting.

To quickly grasp just what this has meant to mankind consider for a moment what this world would be without it. Think for a moment in terms of industry, the home, the operating room in the hospital, the miner deep down in the earth, the ocean steamship, the aeroplane, the office, the hospital, the college, the streets, the automobile, think of any place anywhere without electric lighting. Human achievement and activity would be well nigh paralyzed. There is not a single worthwhile activity, countless as they are, which does not depend upon the use of electric lighting. Each time we turn on the electric light to make use of that light we are benefited by the genius of Thomas A. Edison. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contribution to human happiness, prosperity, comfort and safety reaching a greater number of people than has the great invention of Thomas A. Edison in giving the world electric lighting.

Particularly does the safety field have good reason to honor the name and admire the accomplishments of Thomas A. Edison. Was not the problem of perfecting a safe miner's lamp for which the mining industry was searching put up to Thomas A. Edison? And he saw the need for and appreciated the danger and difficulties of the lowly miner without adequate lighting; and did not Thomas A. Edison produce the Edison miner's safety lamp—one of the greatest accomplishments in the realm of safety? No man has ever used his remarkable talents and long life to better purpose for his brother man, and no occasion which this nation could celebrate is more worthy and noble than this universal celebration and appreciation and thanks to the man who has devoted his life that the world may be a better and safer place for us and for the coming generations.

(Note—The above editorial is reprinted from "Safety Engineering" and is of interest to our readers especially the reference to the Edison cap lamp.)

Carbon Monoxide Gas Big Danger to Motorists

Motorists should take the utmost precautions to protect themselves from the danger of carbon monoxide during the winter months and the simplest way is never to remain in a closed garage with the motor running.

The danger from carbon monoxide has assumed national proportions and an automobile running in an ordinary small garage with doors and windows closed will produce enough of the gas in a few minutes to cause death. A car owner working in a garage with the engine running should go at once into the open upon feeling the slightest headache.

Effective treatment of acute carbon monoxide poisoning is as follows:

"1. The victim should be removed to fresh air as soon as possible.

"2. If breathing has stopped, or is weak and intermittent, or present in but occasional gasps, artificial respiration by the Schaefer method should be given persistently until normal breathing is resumed, or until after the heart has stopped.

"3. Pure oxygen, or a mixture of 5 per cent of carbon dioxide in oxygen should be administered for 20 minutes or more, beginning as soon as possible."

Dangerous Playthings

A letter was recently received from the State Mine, Inspection Department requesting that all mining companies co-operate with the Governor of the State and the National Explosives Manufacturing Association in putting the hazards incident to powder and explosive caps before school children, and by careful storage to prevent their coming to the hands of children.

Each year more than 500 children are killed or injured in the United States by finding explosive caps left carelessly lying around, and in their lack of knowledge of the possibilities, are attracted by their shiny copper surfaces and their childish play is usually followed by death or serious injury.

In order to put this danger before the children, through the permission and co-operation of the school officials, "Safety Tom" Gibson has recently been visiting the schools and by lectures and exhibits of dummy dynamite caps has been showing the children what they are, explaining their dangers and impressing upon them the necessity of avoiding them and if one should ever be found to notify their parents, teachers or company officials so that the caps can be safely destroyed.

While at the Washington School, Rock Springs, "Safety Tom" was greeted by one bright eyed little chap who told him "he knew where some of those things were." Upon being led to the spot a large cache of old powder and caps were found. The stories told of their attempts to hammer the copper off the wires in order to sell the copper to the junk man and the escape of some of the boys when explosions took place was sufficient to give the older men cold shivers. That all escaped without serious injury is nothing short of miraculous.

In an old abandoned dug-out 54 sticks of old deteriorated permissible powder, 25 pounds of black powder, and approximately 30 explosive caps were discovered. In all probability these explosives had been stolen from the mines, cached for future use and later found by the boys. The potentialities for death and destruction can only be contemplated.

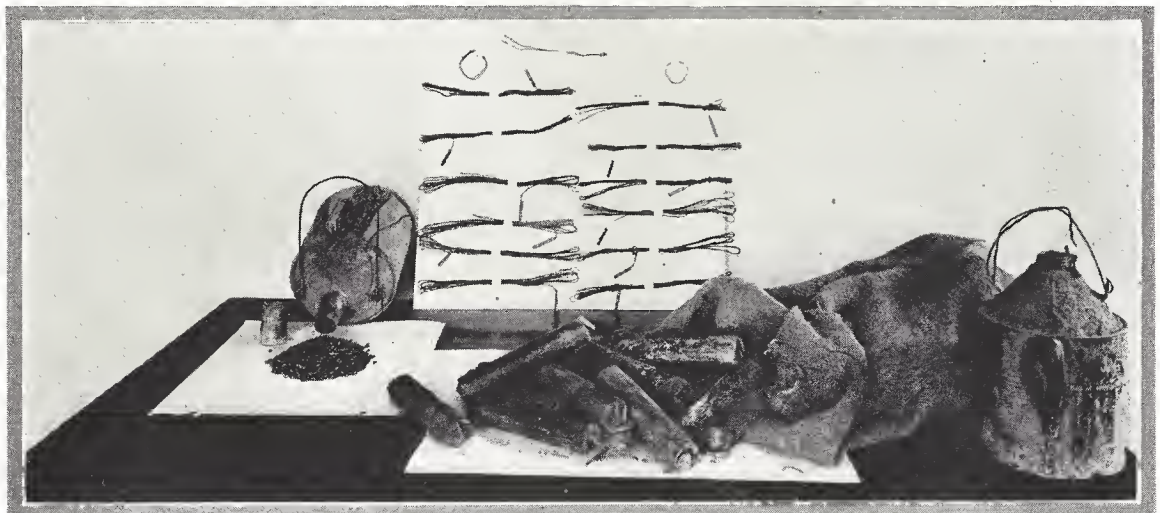
A year ago, Mr. Gibson gave similar lectures throughout the schools of the districts. Shortly after these lectures two boys found 300 dynamite caps that had been stolen from one of the powder houses and later dropped by the thief. Through the knowledge they had gained, they recognized the caps and, without touching them, promptly reported their find and they were destroyed.

The efforts of the National Explosive Manufacturers and the Governors to eliminate this danger is much to be commended and there is little doubt that if the same degree of co-operation is extended at every mining district that has been given here, untold good will be accomplished.

October Accidents

- Miner**—Stepped on sheet iron in room chute and fell, spraining muscles of back.
- Machinist**—Was putting disc on locomotive and caught finger between the locomotive and disc, causing fracture of second finger of right hand.
- Driver**—Horse turned, derailling empty car and squeezed driver between car and entry rib. He received a fracture of collar bone.
- Rope-runner**—Was uncoupling loaded trip and while so doing caught his finger between draw bars of the cars. It was necessary to amputate index finger of left hand at first joint.
- Miner**—While drilling hole in top coal fell off loader, bruising wrist.
- Miner**—Was injured when a prop fell striking hand and bruising finger.
- Driver**—Was taking sprinkling pipes into mine on empty car. As car went around curve pipe swung, striking his arm.
- Driller**—Was connecting drill cable, when cable short-circuited under drill clamp of machine, causing an arc and burning fingers.
- Timberman**—Was making a wedge, when he struck trolley wire with axe, cutting right hand.
- Faceman**—Was lifting loading boom on Northern Conveyor with crank. Crank slipped and struck hand, fracturing small bone of hand.
- Inside-Laborer**—Was attempting to straighten a piece of pipe. He placed it between two timbers, dislodging one of the props, releasing some loose rock and he was injured on foot.
- Miner**—Was picking coal at face, when a piece of coal fell striking left hand.
- Timberman**—Was crawling under the head rope on scraper when rope broke, striking him on wrist and hip, fracturing small bone of forearm.
- Machineman**—Was in the act of stepping over main slope rope, when rope swung, striking him on leg, causing fracture of one bone of leg.

(Continued on page 529)



After this cache of powder and detonators was discovered by the children, three small boys were slightly injured in attempting to remove the copper from the wires so that they could sell it to the junk man. That they escaped without serious injury, or death, is miraculous.

The Madonna and Her Babe by Old Masters

NO SUBJECT in the world has been so much pictured by art as the Madonna with her Babe. Century after century artists have poured out their souls in this theme until we have an accumulation of Madonna pictures so great that no one would dare to estimate their number. Indeed, in a study of the Madonnas it would be possible to study the history of art itself—rather, the art of the Christian era.

“Through all the most beautiful and precious productions of human genius which the Middle Ages and the Renaissance have bequeathed to us, there is one prevailing idea; it is that of an impersonation of beneficence, purity, and power standing between an offended Deity and poor, suffering, sinning humanity, and clothed in the visible form of Mary, the Mother of Our Lord.”

This theme wrought itself into the life and soul of man; and it has been worked out in the manifestations of his genius. We find that most of the beautiful adornments of the majestic Cathedrals of the Middle Ages have reference to the Virgin. We find the Notre Dame (Our Lady) of the French; La Madonna of the Latin races, and the general use of The Lady “when knighthood was in flower” in England.

In the earlier pictures we have the Virgin as a part of a group of the Nativity or the Adoration of the Magi. ***The earlier pictures of Our Lady found in the cemetery of St. Pricilla belong to the second century.”

History has not fixed the period when the Madonna became a subject of veneration publicly, but we learn that religious orders were built around their idea of her. Monks wore white in honor of her purity; or black in respect to her sorrows. Around her and about her have been many controversies. Church councils have debated her titles and her attributes; theologians have discussed her status. Of all this we are not now thinking—rather of her place in art

and a presentation of some of the most famous conceptions from the art galleries of the Old World.

In the cemetery of St. Pricilla where, as we have been told, are the earliest known pictures, the Madonna is shown with the Adoration of the Magi. The types and costumes are Roman and are formal not individual. They are painted on these old walls and are marked “Maria,” mural frescoes of the catacombs.

From these first, reputed to belong to the second century, the presentations passed through traceable modifications until the Council of Ephesus in 431, which declared her the “Mother of God,” and after that she became eccle-



MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS
By Andrea del Sarto, in Uffizi Gallery, Florence.



THE SISTINE MADONNA
By Raphael, in Dresden.



MADONNA WITH SAINT CATHERINE AND MARY MAGDALEN

By Giovanni Bellini, in Venice Academy

siastically popular, though artistically she was almost impossible.

Then came the great emotional wave of the Middle Ages, upon which were brought in the Crusades, Chivalry. Christianity was taken up with renewed fervor. Profound religious sentiment developed about the Madonna. But we note that the pictured figure was still unbeautiful. It was a sign or symbol of a woman rather than the woman

herself, and carried a thought of religious severity rather than the glory of motherhood.

However, if we move on to the Renaissance which began, to speak generally, about 1400, we find the Madonna in art casting aside the Roman and symbolic and becoming an Italian woman of the people—a mother.

The so-called enlightenment or awakening of Italy was under full headway before the middle of the fifteenth century. A knowledge of the ancient world came to the humanists through rediscovered manuscripts. Greek learning was imported from Constantinople; universities, libraries, schools of philosophy were established. In the arts the Church was still the patron of learning, as it had been from the beginning, and demanded religious subjects. And the painters of this period. There are so many. The sentiment of Madonna worship, the emotional feeling of the age of the Crusades and chivalry had come down to them from the Middle Ages. And a strong belief in the Church. So when the painter painted his young wife as the Madonna he used her form and features but added the sentiment and pathos of the thinking of the earlier time. The result was the most beautiful representation in all art—beautiful in form and type, but also beautiful in feeling and spirit. Nothing could be more serenely beautiful than some of the Florentine and Venetian Madonnas of this period.

Even though we leave wide gaps between the various religious factors and schools of art, we must mention the period which nurtured Savonarola, because he is always a known historical landmark, and recall that with the perfecting of technique—the ability to render nature absolutely—the beauty of the model began to take the place of the beauty of the saint. We have several subjects, pretty women, into which the artist seemed incapable of putting soul. In vain Savonarola thundered at worldly painters from his pulpit, decrying the blasphemy of a material art. The pace was set toward things natural and could not be turned back. Even in the work of Raphael, who inherited a fine spiritual sentiment, are changes traceable from the "Madonna of the Grand Duke" to his merely human "Madonna of the Chair," from which he returned to the higher realm of idealism and gave his grandest conception, the



MADONNA OF THE ROCKS

By Leonardo da Vinci, in the National Gallery, London.

"Sistine Madonna," the Christian Minerva that walks forward upon the clouds—the picture which is universally recognized as the greatest in all the world, above all praise or extravagance of expression which must be silenced before the simple grandeur.

Another change came about at this time. The former simple pictures of the Madonna holding or adoring her Child did not pass but were superseded by more elaborate compositions and we have the addition of angels and members of the Holy Family. We were not able to secure "The Marriage of Saint Catherine," by Murillo, which is very beautiful, but we have Bellini's "Madonna with Saint Catherine and Mary Magdalene," which is one of the six most famous, and depicts the Madonna standing behind a wall or coping so that she and her companions are half-length figures. Her right arm is about the baby who is seated on a white cushion on the wall, his head back and eyes lifted heavenward. Mary is in a violet toned robe, a blue mantle coming over her head, and showing her white veil falling on her forehead. At her right is Mary Magdalene in a green dress and red mantle and at the left is Catherine in a yellow robe and a brown mantle. Her hands are folded before her and she is looking with adoration at the baby Jesus. Isn't it beautiful?

Then look at Andrae del Sarto's "Madonna and Child with Saints," popularly known as "Madonna of the Harpies." It is in Florence, is the masterpiece of this painter, and is given a place among the greatest pictures of the world. In graceful composition, in soft glowing colors, in dignity and religious sentiment it excels. The portrait of the artist himself appears in the splendid figure of Saint John at the right. The figure on the left is Saint Francis. The Madonna is elevated upon a pedestal on the corners of which are carved two small figures of harpies, from which the picture takes its name.



MADONNA OF THE GRAND DUKE
By Raphael, in Pitti Palace, Florence.

Scottish Concert and Dance

at the

OLD TIMERS
COMMUNITY
BUILDING
ROCK SPRINGS

Saturday, December Fourteenth
At 8:30 P. M.



Get oot yer siller Sandy
It's for the Boy and Girl Scouts

Looking again at the Sistine we find our most satisfying study, if, indeed, we may apply this term. There is no false note or exaggeration to consider, only harmony of body, soul, and spirit. Confident but entirely unassuming; serious but without sadness; eager but without haste, the Sistine Madonna moves steadily forward to perhaps the rhythmic music of the ages. The Child is no burden. They seem one.

Art can pay no higher tribute to Mary, the Mother of Jesus, than to show her in this phase of her motherhood. It is motherhood tender yet carrying her Child forth to the service of God and humanity. It is thus that "all nations shall call her blessed."

*Legends of the Madonna by Mrs. Jameson.

**Catholic World.

October Accidents

(Continued from page 526)

- Miner**—Contused first finger of left hand while attempting to lift conveyor pan off truck.
- Driller**—While drilling, a large piece of coal fell from face, striking drill machine, knocking it over and in falling it struck shoulder.
- Miner**—Working in entry stumps. A piece of roof rock fell between timbers causing fracture of left leg.
- Machine-man**—Was removing jack-pipe of mining machine, when small slab of rock fell bruising right hand.
- Miner**—Was lowering loaded car down room and as he attempted to block car, car ran over block and derailed. He was squeezed about chest when caught between car and prop.
- Truck-driver**—Was unloading large steel I-beam from deck of truck. Beam fell and he was caught beneath it fracturing both legs.

Engineering Department

The Compass—It's History and Use

By C. E. Swann

CONCLUSION

Familiar Direction Signs Found on Maps

THESE points are acknowledged throughout the world, and directions of value are reckoned as North or South, East or West of a certain place.

Countries, places and rivers are drawn in miniature on maps. They are absolutely to scale, but on each map, if it be of any value, an arrow appears which indicates the position of all places, although it is usually taken for granted that the top of the map is North.

A person attempting to find his way by a map without a compass would be as well off as a steamer without a propeller. It would be almost impossible for him to put the map in front of him, so that it would be a reproduction of the country ahead of him, unless he knew positively and absolutely in which direction North was.

A lake might be located a few miles away, but it would be impossible to find it unless he knew the direction it was in. We could walk forward or backward, to the right or left, but such attempts would be aimless, unless we followed in the right direction, which can only be determined by accurately locating North and South.

How would you determine which way to go if you had a map as on Figure 5? It would be useless to try unless you had a compass to find out where North was. The example D, Figure 5, explains it.

First place your compass on the map and find your position, starting at X you walk in direction N. E. b. E. until you come to road running a little N. E. by N., follow this up until you strike road running N. E. b. E., follow this and walk around N. side of lake and you arrive at O.

It is simple to see that by placing the compass on a map and arranging the direction of the map in accordance with the readings of the compass, all the roads, etc., ahead and behind you are placed in their correct position on the map, if the compass is a true one.

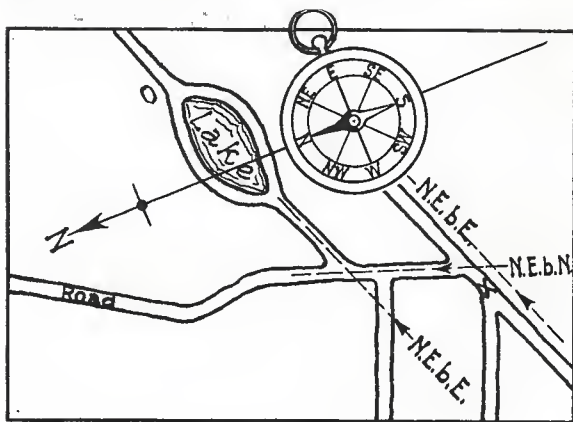


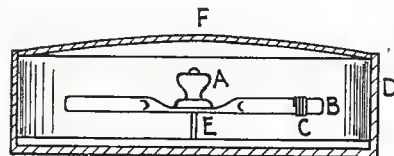
Figure 5.

Compasses are made in a variety of styles and patterns. There are many freak designs which enables manufacturers to sell fancy but unserviceable articles to the unsuspecting public.

A compass needle in every instance should be jewelled. A hole is usually drilled into the centre of the needle, into which is inserted a brass cap, the top of which is fitted with a jewel of some description.

This needle operates upon a finely ground, sharpened, and tempered steel point—a point which must not become easily dull, nor one that will snap off at the top if the compass is ill treated.

The point is securely fixed to a box of some design, having a dial in its base, and which is fitted into a case of either open or hunter model. A crystal glass covers



- A- Brass cap set with jewel
- B- Steel magnetic needle
- C- Dial with cardinal points
- D- Case into which compass is fitted
- E- Point upon which "AB" operates
- F- Covering Crystal

Figure 6.

the top to protect it from damage or dust. See Figure 6.

In all good compasses a small contrivance called a "stop" is fitted. This is for the purpose of mechanically lifting the needle and jewel off the point for protection when not in use.

In order to determine which end of a pocket compass needle points in a northerly direction it is usual to mark it in some way. Some polished steel needles have their north-seeking ends blued, some have a wire wrapped round them, and others have a small pin inserted through them. One method is as good as another, the difference usually being due to the pattern of the needle. See Figure 7.

Flat half blued needles are usually found in the cheaper forms of compasses. They are very satisfactory, light and sensitive, but are not quite so good as those of bar design. Bar needles when properly made, adjusted, magnetized and hardened are the most desirable pattern. All high grade needle compasses are fitted with magnets of this style.

"Folded" needles are not to be desired. A great many imported compasses of "bar needle pattern" are fitted with a needle stamped and folded into the shape of a bar needle and soldered together at their under edges. These are "fake" compasses very undesirable and likely to become grossly inaccurate.

Flat and bar pattern needles are used with a fixed dial divided into degrees and lettered with the principal points of the compass. This dial is permanently fitted

to the base of the case. Some dials are of card, some of silver metal and some of aluminum. The two latter styles are to be preferred as they will not only retain their color but will not buckle when damp. A buckled dial invariably interferes with the action of the needle, and usually needs replacing frequently.

A great many compasses are sold in which the dial is made to float by fitting it to the needle. Naturally in compasses of this kind the dial must be of very light material and aluminum is nearly always used on this account. With floating dial compasses the needle is enlarged and is of thicker metal than those of "flat" or "bar" type. There are many advantages in the "floating dial" compasses which are not appreciated.

In the first place, all directions are correctly given when the dial comes to rest, for the dial is fitted to float with the needle. It is an easy matter to move around with one of these compasses in your hand without at any time disarranging its setting.

This is not true of those of "needle" pattern, for, as the dial is fitted to the bottom of the case, the case has to be turned after the needle has come to rest in a northern and southern direction, until the North-seeking end of the needle is directly above the "N" mark on the dial.

In addition, some floating dial compasses have their N. and S. ends treated with radio-active material which enables them to be seen at night. An arrow head is painted to represent the "N" end and a small dot in a circle represents the "S" end.

This material must not be confused with the old luminous paint so often used on signs, clocks, etc. Luminous paint had to be exposed to sunlight for the purpose of absorption and after dark it would remain luminous for a few hours. Radio-active compound need not be exposed to the light and will remain active indefinitely.

Do not condemn a compass treated in this manner if the points cannot be seen immediately. Remember they are for use at night and cannot be seen when going from daylight into a darkened room. The eyes are in a neutral state at night and a compass should be tested in the manner in which it is intended to be used. If it is essential they be "tested" in the daytime, go into a perfectly dark

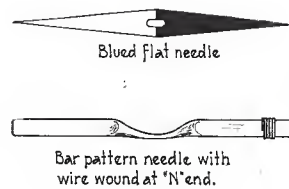


Figure 7

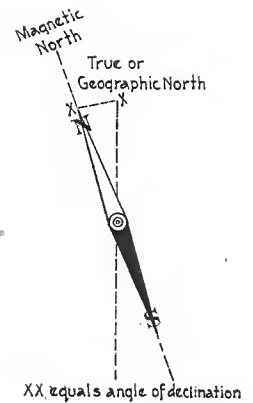


Figure 8

room and remain there for about half an hour and allow the eyes to become neutral. The glow from the N. and S. points will, after some time, appear to shine and then disappear. Presently they will become visible again and remain so, becoming brighter the longer one stays in the dark.

The prismatic compass is used for surveying, more especially for military purposes. It consists of a brass box about two inches in diameter. Upon the pivot is balanced the magnetic needle, to the top of which is fixed a pearl dial correctly divided into degrees.

As horizontal angles can be observed with great rapidity, it is a very valuable instrument to the military surveyor who can make observations (holding the compass in his hands) with all the accuracy necessary for an observation or sketch; to obtain absolute accuracy the use of a tripod stand is necessary.

In conclusion, it is well to bear in mind the following requirements of a pocket compass:

(Please turn to page 533)

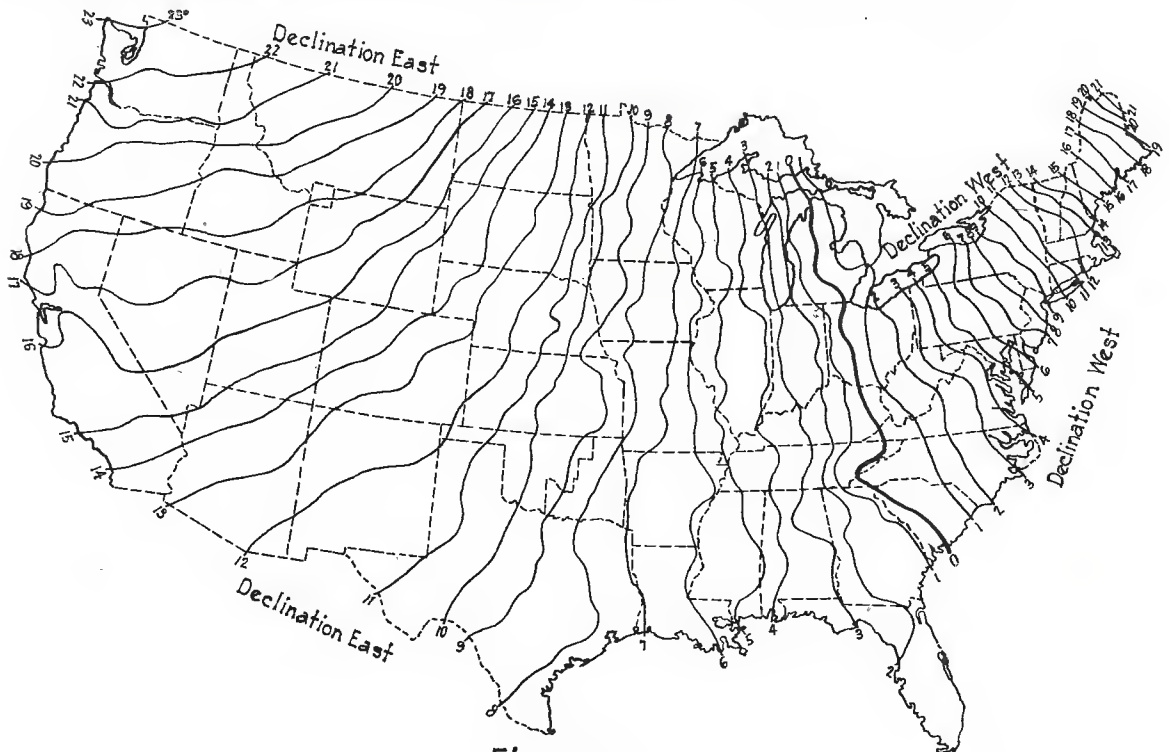


Figure 9.

On Christmas Day in the Morning

By Grace Richmond

That Christmas Day virtually began a whole year beforehand, with a red-hot letter written by Guy Frenald to his younger sister, Nan, in which he said:

"Dear Nan:

"It's a confounded shame, full-grown shame that not a soul of us got home for Christmas—except yours truly, and he only for a couple of hours. What have the blessed old folks done to us that we treat them like this? Nan, next Christmas it's going to be different. But you'll hear from me then, meanwhile—run down and see them once or twice this winter. Somehow it struck me they aren't as young as—they used to be.

Your affectionate brother,

GUY."

Guy wrote the same sort of thing with more or less detail to Edeson and Oliver, his married elder brothers; to Ralph, his unmarried brother and to Carolyn his elder married sister.

Guy was not the fellow to forget anything which had taken hold of him as that pathetic Christmas home coming had done. When the year had nearly rolled around, the first of December saw him at work getting his plans in train. He began with his eldest brother, Oliver, because he considered Mrs. Oliver the hardest proposition he had to tackle.

"You see," he said as they sat and stared at him, "it just struck me it would do them a lot of good to revive old times. I thought if we could make it just as much as possible like one of the old Christmas' before anybody got married—hang up the stockings and all you know, it would give them a mighty jolly surprise. I plan to have us all creep in in the night and go to bed in our old rooms. And then in the morning—see."

Mrs. Oliver looked at him. Guy was twenty-eight and his blue eyes were very bright. His lithe muscular frame bent toward her pleadingly; all his arguments were aimed at her. Oliver sat back in his impassive way and watched them both.

"It seems to me a very strange plan," said Mrs. Oliver, "it is not usual to think that families should be broken up like this on Christmas day of all days in the year, just to please two elderly people who expect nothing of the sort, and who understand just why we can't all get home at once. Don't you think you are really asking a great deal?"

"It doesn't seem to me I am," he answered quite gently, "it's only for once. I really don't think father and mother would care much what sort of presents we brought them, if we only came ourselves. Of course I know I'm asking a sacrifice of each family, and it may seem almost an insult not to invite the children at all, yet perhaps next year we'll try to gather all the clans. But just for this year—honestly—I do awfully wish you'd give me my way. If you'd seen these two last Christmas—Marietta, the housekeeper, well you know, I've had the soft side of her heart ever since I was born somehow. I talked it all over with her last year and I'm solid with her all right. She'll work the game. You see father's a bit deaf now."

"Father deaf?" Oliver broke in.

"Sure, didn't you know it?"

"Forgotten. But mother'd hear us."

"No she wouldn't. Don't you know how she trusts everything about the house to Marietta since she got that fall—"

"Mother got a fall?"

"Why yes, don't you remember she fell down the back stairs a year ago last October and hurt her back? The only thing that worries me is the fear that I can't get you

all to take hold of the scheme. On my word, Ol, don't we owe the old home anything but a present tied up in tissue paper once a year?"

"Guy, I believe you're right. I'll be sorry to desert my own kids of course, but I rather think they can stand it for once. If the others fall into line you may count on me."

Guy got away feeling that the worst of his troubles were over. In his younger sister Nan he hoped to find an ardent ally and he was not disappointed. Carolyn also fell in heartily with his plan. Ralph, from somewhere in the far West, wrote that he would get home or break a leg. Edeson thought the idea a rather foolish one but was persuaded by his wife—whom Guy declared a trump—that he must go by all means. And so they all fell into line, and there remained for Guy only the working out of the details.

There was a long silence in the quiet sleeping room in the old home. Then out of the darkness came this little colloquy.

"Emeline, you aren't getting to sleep."

"I know I'm not John, I—Christmas Eve keeps one awake somehow. It always did."

"Yes, I don't suppose the children realize at all, do they?"

"Oh no—oh no! They don't realize—they never will, till they're here themselves. It's all right I think—I think at least Guy will be down tomorrow, don't you? He wrote us he wanted us to hang up our stockings."

"I guess mebbe he will—Mother—you've got me, you know. You know—you've always got me, dear."

"Yes, and you've got me Johnny Boy!"

"Thank the Lord I have."

So counting their blessings they fell asleep at last. But even in sleep, one set of lashes was strangely wet.

An hour later a light showed inside the kitchen. The storm door swung open, propelled by force from inside. A cautious voice said:

"That the Frenald family?"

A chorus of whispers came back at Miss Marietta Cooley.

"Yes, yes, let us in—we're freezing."

"You bet we're the Frenald family—every man-jack of us—not one missing."

Stumbling over their own feet and bundles in the endeavor to be unnaturally quiet, the crew poured into the warm kitchen. Marietta heaved a sigh of content as she looked them over.

"Well I didn't think you'd get here—all of you. Thank the Lord you have. I suppose you're tearin' hungry, bein' past eleven. If you think you can eat quiet as cats, I'll feed you up, but if you're going to make as much rumpus as you did comin' round the corner of the wood shed I'll have to pack you straight off to bed up the back stairs." They pleaded for mercy and hot food. They got it and they ate hungrily with the appetites of winter travel.

"Say this is great," exulted Ralph. "This alone is worth it. I haven't eaten such pie in a century. What a jolly place the old kitchen is. Let's have a candy pull tomorrow. I haven't been home Christmas in—let me see—by jove, I believe it's six—seven, yes seven years. Look here, there's been some excuse for me, but what about you people that live near?"

"Don't talk about it tonight, we haven't any of us realized how long it's been."

"We'll get off to bed now," Guy declared rising, "I can't get over the feeling that they might catch us down here."

Marietta interrupted, "Now remember that seventh stair creaks like Ned, you've got to step right on the outside edge of it to keep it quiet. I don't know but what you boys better step right up over that seventh stair without touchin' feet to it."

"All right, we'll step."

"Who's going to fix the bundles?" Carolyn paused to ask as she started up the stairs.

"Marietta," said Guy, "I've labeled every one, so it'll be easy. If they hear paper rattle they'll think it's the usual presents we've sent on and if they come out they'll see Marietta, so it's all right. Quiet now. Remember the seventh stair!"

They crept up, one by one, each to his or her old room. But somehow, once composed for slumber, more than one grew wakeful again.

Christmas morning, breaking upon a wintry world—the Star in the East long set. Outside the house a great silence of drift wrapped hill and plain—inside crackling fire upon a wide hearth, and a pair of elderly people waking to a lonely holiday.

Mrs. Frenald crept to the door of her room, she remembered with a sad little smile that she and John had hung their stockings there and looked to see what miracle had been wrought in the night.

"Father!"

"What's this! What's this? Whose are these? 'Merry Christmast to Ralph from Nan, to Ralph from Nan—"

"The children, they—they—John—they must be here?"

He followed her through the chilly hall to the front stair case, as rapidly as those slow stiff joints would allow. Trembling Mrs. Frenald pushed open the first door at the top.

A rumped brown head raised itself from among the pillows—

"Merry Christmas, mammy and daddy!" They stared at her, their eyes growing misty. It was their little daughter Nan. They could not believe it. Even when they had been to every room, had seen their big son Ralph, whom his mother had gently kissed awake to be half strangled in his hug, and when they had met Edeson's hearty laugh as he fired a pillow at them, and when they had seen plump pretty Carolyn and Oliver advancing to meet them in his bath-robe and slippers and Guy holding out both arms above his blankets and shouting, "Merry Christmas, and how do you like your children?"—even then it was difficult to realize that no one was missing—and that no one else was there.

When they were all down stairs, about the fire there was great rejoicing. "And you were in it, Marietta?" said Mr. Frenald in astonishment. "How in the world did you get all these people into the house and to bed without waking us?"

"It was pretty much of a risk, seein' as how they was inclined to be midelin' lively. But I kept hushin' them up and I filled them so full o' victuals they couldn't talk. I didn't know's there'd be any eatables left for today."

At the breakfast table while the eight heads were bent, this Thanksgiving arose, as the master of the house in a voice not quite steady, offered it to One Unseen—

"Thou who camest to us on that First Christmas Day we bless Thee for this good and perfect gift Thou sendest us today, that Thou forgettest us not in these later years, but givest us the greatest joy of our lives in these our loyal children."

Nan's hand clutched Guy's under the table. "Doesn't that make it worth it?" his grasp said to her and hers replied with a frantic pressure, "Indeed it does but we don't deserve it."

That night after all was quiet.

"Emeline?"

"Yes, John dear."

"It's been a pretty nice day, hasn't it?"

"A beautiful day."

"I guess there's no doubt but the children care a good deal for the old folks yet."

"No doubt at all, dear."

"Well it's great to think they all plan to spend every Christmas day with us, isn't it Emeline?"

"Yes dear—it's—great."

"Well, I must let you go to sleep. It's been a big day, and I guess you're tired. Emeline, we've not only got each other—we've got the children too. That's a pretty happy thing at our age, isn't it now?"

"Good—yes, yes."

"Good night, dear."

The Compass—It's History and Use

(Continued from page 531)

- (a) Sensitiveness of action.
- (b) Accuracy of magnetic needle..
- (c) Jewelled centre to needle.
- (d) Stop arrangement to check action.
- (e) Construction capable of repair when anything goes wrong with it.
- (f) Heavy tempered steel point for needle to operate upon.

The Declination of the Compass

As the magnetic North pole is not located at the same point as the Geographic North pole, and as all maps are drawn to a Geographic North instead of a Magnetic North, there is necessarily a correction to the readings of compasses used in places which are not in a true North and South position.

The angle between the two readings is called the "Magnetic Declination" or "Variation of the Compass" and should be applied to the reading of the compass when very exact readings are required. See Figure 8.

In the United States the compass is correct in a line starting about 35 miles west of White Fish Point, Michigan, thence passing south to a point 9 miles west of Lansing, Michigan, 9 miles west of Ann Arbor, Michigan, 9 miles west of Toledo, Ohio, 9 miles east of Lima, Ohio, 30 miles west of Columbus, Ohio, 58 miles east of Cincinnati, Ohio, 98 miles east of Lexington, Kentucky, 25 miles west of Abingdon, Virginia, 36 miles east of Knoxville, Tennessee, 12 miles east of Robbinsville, North Carolina, 25 miles west of Greenville, South Carolina, 17 miles west of Columbia, South Carolina, directly through Orangeburg, South Carolina, and then to the North Atlantic Ocean, 20 miles southwest of Charleston, South Carolina.

In Rock Springs, Wyoming, the declination is 16 degrees, 45 minutes East; in Astoria, Oregon, it is 22 degrees East and in the extreme northern part of Maine it is 21 degrees West. See Sketch IX.



Flower garden of Mr. and Mrs. Al DeWilde. Mrs. DeWilde's brother, Mr. Loven Raulst with Mrs. Raulst and family are standing in the garden.

—≡ The Old Timers ≡—

Mrs. Mary Angelovic, Rock Springs' 'Oldest Grandma

She was sewing when we visited her, Rock Springs' oldest "Grandma"—making Christmas presents perhaps. She'd have need to start early because Grandma Angelovic has forty-five grandchildren, sixty great grandchildren and fourteen great great grandchildren. We were not a little proud of the reception she gave us and of her willingness to share her granddaughter-in-law's admiration for her work with us and to have her picture taken for the *Employees' Magazine*.

Mrs. Angelovic is a native of Czechoslovakia and, next March, will be be ninety-four years old. Three of her sons are members of The Union Pacific Coal Company Old Timers' Association, Steve, Shando and Valentine Angelovic, all working in No. Four Mine, Rock Springs. Besides these three Grandma has one son, Andrew, living in Czechoslovakia; John, who is seventy-six years old, in Cheyenne; and Mrs. Mary Bujnovski, her only daughter, with whom she makes her home in Rock Springs.

She is a devout member of the North Side Catholic Church and, until two years ago, attended masses there. She sews and reads her Bible of ordinary print without glasses or sight aids. She graciously welcomes her visitors, knows all the young folks of her family and greets young and old with friendliness and interest. She was distressed

because her great grandson, George Palko, a Rock Springs High School football player was hurt during the Armistice Day game, and was ready to advise care for his sprained ankle.

With Mrs. Angelovic in the picture is her granddaughter-in-law, Mrs. John Angelovic, who married Mr. Angelovic in France after a war romance. Mrs. Angelovic comes from near Toul in Marthe et Moselle and is part of the family which will surround Grandma with love and care during this Christmas season.

Three Generations of Serbian-Americans

"I'd rather be in America. This country is the best in the world," says Grandma Manda Stockich of Tenth Street, Rock Springs. "But Christmas is better in the Old Country. I'd like to go back there for Christmas time."

Mrs. Manda Stockich is the wife of Old Timer Sam Stockich and is sixty years of age. She came to the United States in 1908 and immediately to Rock Springs where her husband had preceded her. She is a member



Mrs. Mary Angelovic with her granddaughter-in-law, Mrs. John Angelovic.



Grandma Manda Stockich, her daughter, Mrs. Markisich, and granddaughter, Annie Markisich.

of the Orthodox Catholic Church and both she and her husband are Serbian. She attends the annual celebrations of the Old Timers Association, almost her only "party" during the year since she is not well enough to retain active membership in the lodges to which she used to belong.

Grandma's daughter, Mrs. Mary Markisich, came to Rock Springs when she was fifteen years old. She was married to Nick Markisich, a Union Pacific employe, and spent short periods in various towns of the southwest. She, too, remembers the Christmas celebrations of her Austria-Serbia home when all the young folks of the village accompanied by a string orchestra of accordion and tamboritz music sang carols all Christmas Eve and then danced on the street until a late hour. Christmas trees were erected in the homes, there were no set programs or community trees. Sometimes it was a bit cold but never cold enough to deter the carollers. Christmas Day itself

was a home day with church services to attend, and family gatherings. There were no long Christmas gift lists, nor had the children a lot of toys. As a child she received gifts only from mother and those, as were her brother's and sisters', were articles of clothing, a new dress or gloves. Their trees were trimmed with fruits and nuts of their own growing wrapped in silver tinsel and arranged beautifully. Mother trimmed the tree but the daughters of a home helped make the gifts and decorations; girls of eight years began to learn all the household arts, spinning, weaving and sewing besides cooking. Boys were given the preference if families could not afford to send all the children to school; but girls learned many aids to good homemaking and Mrs. Markisich purposes teaching her daughters some of the lace making and other arts she was taught as a child.

Mr. Markisich died eight years ago leaving a family of six children, three boys and three girls: Doris, Georgie, Bess, Willie, Annie and Pete.

Old Timer Thomas Twardoski

Almost a "forty year" Old Timer Mr. Thomas Twardoski, blacksmith at No. 10, is an old time Rock Springer as well as a member of The Union Pacific Coal Company Old Timers' Association. Born in Poland he came to the United States forty-five years ago and has thirty-seven years of service with The Union Pacific Coal Company to his credit. He cycles to work and is a familiar figure going with his bicycle, about the town of Rock Springs. He lives on No. One Hill where he and Mrs. Twardoski have a charming home.



Old Timer Thomas Twardoski with Mrs. Twardoski's pet owl.

He is a member of the North Side Catholic Church and of the local unit of the Knights of Columbus. He is also a member of the Modern Woodmen of the World and other lodges and fraternal societies in Rock Springs. He and Mrs. Twardoski have a host of friends and are enjoyed by their many acquaintances.

What Have We Done To-day

Nixon Waterman

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear.
We shall speak the words of love and cheer;
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a prouder birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungry souls of Earth;
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown today?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
"What have we done today?"

The Spirit of Christmas

(From "Pickwick Papers", Charles Dickens)

And numerous indeed are the hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How many families whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide in the restless struggles of life, are then re-united, and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual good-will, which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight, and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilized nations, and the rude traditions of the roughest savages, alike number it among the first joys of a future state of existence, provided for the blest and happy! How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies, does Christmas time awaken!

We write these words now, many miles distant from the spot at which, year after year, we meet on that day, a merry and joyous circle. Many of the hearts that throb so gaily then, have ceased to beat; many of the looks that shone so brightly then, have ceased to glow; the hands we grasped have grown cold; the eyes we sought have hid their lustre in the grave; and yet the old house, the room, the merry voices and smiling faces, the jest, the laugh, the most minute and trivial circumstance connected with those happy meetings, crowd upon our minds at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday. Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusion of our childish days, that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth, and transport the sailor and the traveller, thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home! — — — — —



A harvest field of our neighbor—the Eden Valley district.

Laughs

A Tale of a Shirt

"Shirts that laugh at the laundry," says an advertisement. One of ours is different. It arrived last week with its sides split.

What the Nose Should Keep Out Of

"The nose needs exercise," writes Dr. Royal Copeland. But not the sort of exercise given by sticking it into other people's affairs.

More Baseball

Jimmy: "Say, wouldn't you like to have three eyes?"
Johnny: "Yes."
Jimmy: "Where'd you have the third?"
Johnny: "I'd have it in the back of my head."
Jimmy: "I wouldn't."
Johnny: "Where'd you have it?"
Jimmy: "In the end of my thumb so I could poke it through a knot-hole in the fence and see the ball game for nothin'."

Arithision

One evening, thinking to test my small son's knowledge of arithmetic, I asked:

"If our next door neighbor has a wife and baby, how many are there in the family?"

Johnny thought for a while, then answered:
"I know. There are two and one to carry."

Rude Interruption

"Would you mind getting up for just a minute, miss?"

"Why?"

"I want to hang up this notice, 'Wet Paint'."

A Compromise

"Sam," asked Mose, "would you rather be right than president?"

"Mum-m-mm," meditated sam. "No-suh! Ah'd rather be half right and vice president."

Do You Get It?

Teacher—"Who can give me a sentence using the word 'avaunt'?"

Little Abie—"Avaunt what avaunt when avaunt it."

The Reason

A colored agent was summoned before the insurance commissioner.

"Don't you know," said the commissioner, "that you can't sell life insurance without a state license?"

"Boss," said the colored man, "you suah said a mouthful. Ah knowed ah couldn't sell it, but ah didn't know the reason."

Stormy Weather Ahead

Small boy: "Dad, the barometer has fallen."

Father: "Very much?"

Small Boy (guiltily): "About five feet."

Mother gave little Annie a bright new dime to put in the Missionary box: "Did you give your dime to the Missionary?" asked Mother. "No, I gave it to the candy man for candy and told him he could give the dime to the Missionary."

Forever

"Say, lend me a dollar and I'll be eternally indebted to you."

"That's what I'm afraid of."

Make It Real

Druggist: "If Mr. Simpson calls today tell him I'm out."

Clerk: "Yes, sir."

Druggist: "But don't be doing any work or he won't believe you."

Playing

Lost Balloonist (as his ship swings low over a farmhouse): "Ahoy, where am I?"

Farmer: "Heh, heh! Can't fool me. You're up there in that fool basket. Giddap, Bess."

Might Be Insects

Housewife: "Are there any vitamins in your lettuce?"

Huckster: "Well, mum, they's bound to be a few on most any garden truck, but it's easy to wash 'em off, you know."

A Home Hero

Proud Parent (who served in the A. E. F.): "And that which I have just told you, son, is the story of my experience in the World War."

His Son: "But, Papa, what did they need the rest of the army for?"

Distinction or Sarcasm

We repair cars and fix Fords.

Hard to Sell

A real estate salesman tried to sell a house to a newly married couple. Said the wife: "Why buy a home? I was born in a hospital ward, reared in a boarding-school, educated in a college, courted in an automobile, and married in a church; get my meals at a cafeteria; live in an apartment; spend my mornings playing golf, my afternoons playing bridge; in the evening we dance or go to the movies; when I'm sick I go to the hospital and when I die I shall be buried from an undertaker's. All we need is a garage with a bedroom."

Objectively Speaking

Minor: "Were you fired with enthusiasm when you tackled your first job after leaving college?"

Ology: "Was I? I never saw a man so glad to get rid of me in my life."

They Probably Were

Driving a high-powered car, the titled Englishman left New York for points west. Night came. As he rounded a corner on Bear Mountain Drive, he collided with a Ford and sent in spinning down into a ravine. The Englishman stopped, got out, and peering into the inky blackness below called:

"I say—anyone hurt?"

No answer.

"I say," he repeated, "is anyone hurt down theah?"

No answer.

With a shrug he got back into his car. "Frightful snobs!" he murmured.

Just a Blind

A Hebrew storekeeper, much to the astonishment of his neighbors, suddenly decorated his shop window with a gorgeous new blind. It was the sensation of the day, and few of his brethren failed to make some remark to him about it.

"Nice blind you've got there, Isaac," said one. "How much did it cost you?"

"It didn't cost me anything, Aaron. My customers paid for it. I put a leedle box on my counter, 'For the Blind,' and they paid for it."—Factory News.

Of Interest To Women

To Fill That Holiday Hamper

THE Christmas box we most enjoyed giving—and that perhaps because it seemed to mean the most to the recipient was a, well—to be generous with it—a hamper, one of those six-by-ten-inches ones prescribed by Uncle Sam's mailing regulations; and packed by the women of America for members of the A. E. F. It was Christmas, 1918, when the fact that the American army was "out of the trenches by Christmas" didn't help the men of the army to especially appreciate a home-less Christmas. Even the war itself was gone—enough to do things to the morale of folks who'd been living by its stern pressures for months and years; and creating jokes about it for their only fun.

The "hamper" contained a tiny square of Christmas cake, some chewing gum, some sticky and mashed candy, a pipe and some handkerchiefs—but it spelled home and a bit of home Christmas to the most forlorn boy a tired group of girls who'd been doing Christmas plays from 10:30 A. M. until 'most midnight ever saw. It was a "hamper" from home, this late-comer's own Christmas.

Christmas hampers are a joy to students who stay at school during the holidays. And please remember your sailor son with a hamper. Of course he'll have a wonderful Christmas dinner and lots and lots of fun but a bit of your Christmas cake will be home, as it will be to your student daughter. It was a real pleasure to collect the recipes here following, suitable for journey-taking dinners:

A practical combination for the Christmas hamper is a loaf of nut bread, a jar of marmalade and a jar of cream cheese. For a sandwich, spread a slice of bread with marmalade, another slice with cheese softened with a bit of milk or cream, put the slices together and cut in strips or squares.



Never-fail Nut Bread

2 $\frac{5}{8}$ cups bread flour,
4 teaspoons baking powder,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar,
1 teaspoon salt,
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 2 eggs,
1 cup nut meats, 4 tablespoons flour.

Sift bread flour, baking powder and salt, add milk and eggs slightly beaten, mix well and add nut meats broken in pieces and mixed with four tablespoons flour. Bake in a slow oven or at 250 degrees F. for 15 minutes, increase heat to 350 degrees F. and bake one hour.

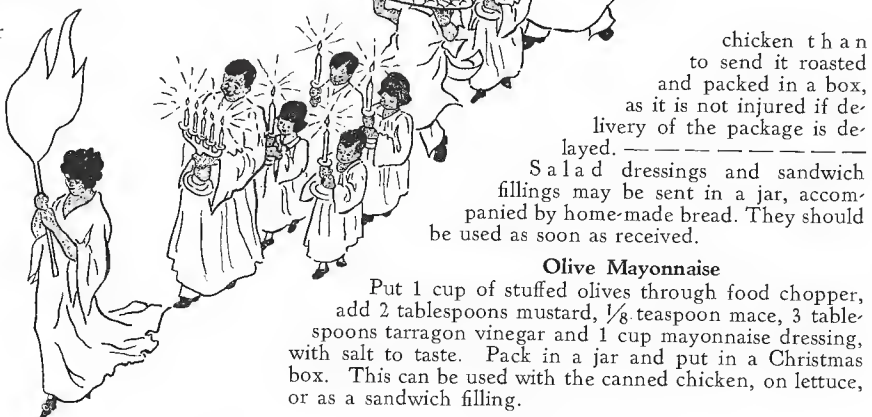
Canned Chicken

Scald, pluck, singe and scrub chickens. Cut in pieces and pack in quart jars, putting in legs, (big end down)

wings with tips cut off, second joints and large pieces of white meat.

In each jar put $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and fill jars with luke warm water. Cover and partially seal. Put in boiler and surround with warm water. Sterilize from two to four hours, depending upon the age of the chickens. Put warm cloth on kneading board, remove jars from sterilizer while hot, set on cloth, cover with several other cloths and let cool until morning.

When serving this canned chicken, immerse jar in warm water and heat slowly to melt cake of fat and jelly on top of meat. The chicken can then be removed in whole pieces and used for salads and sandwiches. This is a safer way to send



chicken than to send it roasted and packed in a box, as it is not injured if delivery of the package is delayed. —
Salad dressings and sandwich fillings may be sent in a jar, accompanied by home-made bread. They should be used as soon as received.

Olive Mayonnaise

Put 1 cup of stuffed olives through food chopper, add 2 tablespoons mustard, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon mace, 3 tablespoons tarragon vinegar and 1 cup mayonnaise dressing, with salt to taste. Pack in a jar and put in a Christmas box. This can be used with the canned chicken, on lettuce, or as a sandwich filling.

Cheese and Egg Filling

1 tablespoon flour
1 teaspoon sugar
2 tablespoons vinegar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 egg
1 small cream cheese
3 pimentos
1 teaspoon onion juice
2 hard boiled eggs
Salt

Mix flour and sugar in top of double boiler, add vinegar, milk and egg slightly beaten. Place over boiling water and cook, stirring constantly, until thick. Remove from fire and when cool add cheese, pimentos finely chopped, onion juice and eggs, chopped. Season to taste, pack in jars, cover with melted butter.

A yellow star-shaped cake surrounded with yellow candles makes a real holiday centerpiece. One-third of the recipe for the yellow fruit cake (below) will be sufficient to fill a ten-cent star-shaped pan. Of course any desired cake recipe may be used. Color the frosting with color

paste to match the yellow of the candles. Pack the cake carefully, with the following directions for setting it up.

Place the cake on a large paper doily on a board 14 inches in diameter or on your largest plate. Put a marshmallow in the centre of the cake and place a marshmallow outside each point of the cake and between each two points. Attach the marshmallows with a bit of soft frosting and force a candle into the centre of each. Light the candles before bringing on the cake.

Yellow Fruit Cake

1/2 lb. or 1 1/2 cups currants	1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 lb. or 1 1/2 cups raisins	1/2 cup butter
1/4 lb. or 1 cup citron	3 eggs
1 1/2 tablespoon lemon juice	3 1/2 cups flour
grated rind 1 lemon	1/2 teaspoon soda
1 1/2 cups sugar	1 cup sour cream
1/8 teaspoon mace	

Mix currants, raisins seeded and chopped, citron cut in fine pieces, lemon rind, lemon juice, mace and nutmeg. Cover and set aside. Cream butter, add 1/2 cup sugar gradually, then add egg yolks beaten light with 1/2 cup sugar. Then alternately add flour sifted with soda, and the sour cream. Beat until smooth, add egg whites beaten stiff with 1/2 cup sugar added gradually, and the prepared fruit. Bake 2 hours in star-shaped pan in a slow oven or at 250-300 degrees F.

And since sweets must always be a part of any Christmas treat we add a few choice recipes for them:

Chocolate-covered Figs

Steam whole figs (not the pressed ones) until they are tender. Cool, remove centers, chop fine, adding an equal amount of chopped nuts and candied fruits chopped fine. Fill the figs, dry them thoroughly, dip in melted coating chocolate and in chocolate shot.

Chocolate-Honey Wafers

Mix honey with half as much water and boil until it forms a firm ball when tried in cold water. Mix with nut meats left in large pieces. Put a quarter-inch layer between two wafers, such as are used for ice cream sandwiches. Leave them whole or cut in pieces, dip in melted coating chocolate and sprinkle with chopped nuts.

Chocolate-covered Marshmallows

Dip marshmallows in coating chocolate and roll in finely grated fresh cocoanut.

Cream Brazil Bonbons

Melt fondant in a small saucepan over hot water. Flavor and color as desired. Dip whole Brazil nuts in fondant and when firm place in paper cases of contrasting color.

Vassar Sweets

Shape a small ball of your favorite fudge, having a bit of nut meat in the center. Dip this in melted fondant flavored with oil of peppermint. When firm dip in a cream butterscotch mixture and let it harden. Last of all, dip in melted coating chocolate and roll in cocoa.

What could be nicer than a Christmas pudding steamed in a two-pound pail and shipped in the same pail after painting it in gay colors? A jar of hard sauce should accompany the pudding and it is fun to tuck in a spray of gum-drop flowers to be inserted in the pudding when it is served.

Christmas Pudding

2 3/4 cups or 1/4 lb. stale bread crumbs	1/4 cup or 1 oz. finely cut citron
1/2 cup scalded milk	1/2 cup or 1/4 lb. suet
1/4 cup sugar	2 tablespoons grape juice
2 eggs	1/4 teaspoon grated nutmeg
3/4 cup or 1/4 lb. raisins, seeded	3/8 teaspoon cinnamon
	1/6 teaspoon cloves

1/3 cup or 1/8 lb. currants	1/6 teaspoon mace
1/3 cup or 1/8 lb. finely chopped figs	3/4 teaspoon salt
	1/2 cup nut meats

Soak bread crumbs in milk, let stand until cool, add sugar, beaten yolks of eggs, raisins, seeded, cut in pieces and floured, currants, figs and citron. Chop suet, and cream by using the hand. Combine mixtures, then add grape juice, nutmeg, cinnamon, cloves, mace, salt, whites of eggs beaten stiff, and nut meats. Turn into oiled mold, cover and steam 6 hours.

Hard Sauce

Cream 1/3 cup butter, add 1 cup confectioners' sugar gradually while constantly beating, then add 2/3 teaspoon vanilla.

But Once a Year

THE only part of Christmas that has never been explained is just when it stops. There seems to be an indefinite period each year during which the holly wreaths and crepe-paper bells begin to gather dust over the mantelpiece and Angela and I have it out when to take them down and call the Yuletide season off.

"It seems such a pity to get rid of them," sighed Angela. "Christmas comes but once a year."

"What good does that do," I flung back over my shoulder as I started for the kitchen, "if it lasts through to next Christmas?"

There was a heavy crash in the kitchen doorway. I was right there when it happened.

"Look out for that phonograph cabinet," called Angela.

"Thank you my dear," I replied presently, limping back to the parlor. "Thank you." I rubbed my shin gingerly. "If you hadn't warned me I should have tripped on it right over again, my love."

"I thought you knew it was there."

"No, oddly enough, I did not," savagely.

"I suppose I can expect to find the bookcase halfway up the stairs now, and the piano in the bathroom."

"But you moved it there yourself to make room for the Christmas tree."

And so we were back where we started from.

"Doesn't it strike you that Christmas is very nearly over?" I inquired. "For three mornings in succession I have missed my train because of the Christmas bell in front of the clock. I prick my hand every time I lower the parlor curtains. I break my neck in the dark over the furniture that has been moved to make room for the Christmas tree. I play cards in the kitchen because we are using the card table to keep our presents on, and I can't receive guests in the front hall because of the mistletoe." I drew a deep breath and sank down on my chair with a newspaper. "Of course I can stand it but—confound it!"

I was up like a flash, and examined with feeling the cushion I had been sitting on.

"May I ask who left this holly wreath in my chair?"

"It probably fell there," replied Angela demurely. "You know you hung it over the chandelier yourself."

I ignored her. With thin lips I brought the newspaper over to the light and began searching through it.

"Here we have it!" I announced presently. "To let: Furnished house, eight rooms and bath, good neighborhood, easy access to—"

"But—but—" Angela's eyes filled. "You're not—don't you want to live here in our—our little home?"

"At Christmas time, dear, yes," I replied. "Other times, no. You see I thought we could just leave the decorations as they were from year to year, and board the place up in between times. It would save all the trouble of taking them down each season and—"

I looked at Angela.

"Aw, come on now dear, I was only fooling. Just fooling honestly, ha-ha-ha! Don't cry dear, why I think the

decorations are great, really I do. Come sit here and I'll tell you how good I think they were."

I sank into my chair. I was up again like a flash.

"Look-k out for that holly wreath," sobbed Angela.

Filling The Christmas Cookie Jar

DURING the holiday season when all sorts of informal "parties" are quite apt to happen at any time, it's always a help to have the cookie jar full. Cookies and tiny cakes are available for afternoon tea or evening party use. Then, too, a basket or box containing an assortment of fancy cakes makes a charming gift for the person who hasn't the facilities for baking at home. And the children and their young visitors are always delighted with cookie treats:

Spiced Honey Nuts

- 1/2 Cupful of Honey.
- 1/2 Cupful of Butter or Margarin.
- 1/2 Cupful of Sugar.
- 1 Egg.
- 1 1/2 Teaspoonfuls of Cinnamon.
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of Pastry Flour.
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of Baking Powder.
- 1 Cupful of Chopped Nut Meats.
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of Salt.

Cream the butter and add the sugar gradually, stirring until well blended. Add the egg well beaten, the honey and the flour, baking powder, salt and cinnamon sifted together. Beat thoroughly and fold in the chopped nuts. Drop from a small spoon on a greased baking sheet, leaving a space of about two inches between each cookie, because the mixture spreads in baking. Bake at 375° F. for about fifteen minutes.

Fudge Squares

- 1/4 Cupful of Butter or Margarin.
- 1 Cupful of Sugar.
- 2 Eggs Beaten.
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of Salt.
- 1/3 Cupful of Pastry Flour.
- 1 Teaspoonful of Vanilla.
- 1/2 Cupful of Chopped Walnut Meats.
- 2 Squares (2 ounces) of Unsweetened Chocolate.

Cream the butter and sugar together thoroughly, then add the chocolate which has been melted over hot water. Stir in the rest of the ingredients except the nuts. Mix well and spread the mixture very thin in the bottom of a well greased dripping pan. Sprinkle with the chopped nut meats. Bake at 375° F. for about half an hour. Cut in squares without removing from the pan.

Cocoa Macaroons

- 4 Cupfuls Powdered Sugar
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of Salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of Cocoa
- 3 Egg Whites, unbeaten

Sift the sugar, salt and cocoa together and work the mixture into the egg whites until a smooth stiff paste is formed. Sprinkle the pastry table with powdered sugar and roll or pat the paste to a thickness of a quarter of an inch. Cut in tiny rounds or squares and lay on a baking pan which has been sprinkled with a mixture of flour and powdered sugar. Bake in an oven heated to 425° F. for ten minutes. Remove from pan at once.

Ginger Cakes

- 1/2 Cupful of Butter or Margarin.
- 1 Cupful of Sugar.
- 2 Eggs.
- 1/2 Cupful of Milk.
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of Salt.
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of Pastry Flour.
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of Baking Powder.
- 1 Teaspoonful of Ginger.

Cream the butter and the sugar, adding next the yolks of the eggs beaten. Mix and sift the dry ingredients and

add them to the first mixture, alternating with the milk. Fold in the egg whites beaten until stiff. Fill tiny greased muffin pans half full with the mixture and bake about twenty minutes at 375° F. Ice tops with plain vanilla icing, and ornament with fanciful bits cut from preserved or candied ginger.

Tea Cakes

- 1/2 Cupful of Butter or Margarin.
- 1 Cupful of Sugar.
- 2 Eggs.
- 1 3/4 Cupfuls of Pastry Flour.
- 1/2 Cupful of Citron cut in tiny pieces.
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of Baking Powder.
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of Salt.
- 1/2 Cupful of Milk.
- 1 Teaspoonful of Vanilla.

Cream the butter and sugar together, then add the eggs, unbeaten, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Dust the citron with a little of the flour. Stir in the sifted dry ingredients, alternating with the milk. Add the floured citron and mix thoroughly. Fill small greased muffin pans half full and bake about twenty minutes in a 375° F. oven.

The Value of Education

Long on Goleonda's shore a diamond lay,
Neglected, rough, concealed in common clay;
By every passer-by despised and scorned,
The latent jewel thus in secret mourned.
"Why am I thus to sordid earth confined?
Why scorned and trod upon by every kind?
Were these bright qualities, this glittering hue
And dazzling lustre, never meant for view?
Wrapped in eternal shade if I remain,
These shining virtues were bestowed in vain "

As thus the long neglected gem displayed
Its worth and wrong, a skillful artist strayed
By chance that way, and saw, with curious eye,
Though much obscured, the invaluable treasure lie.
He ground with care, he polished it with art
And called forth all its rays from every part;
And now young beauty's neck ordained to grace,
It adds new charms to beauty's fairest face.

The mind of man, neglected and untaught,
Is this rough diamond in the mine unwrought;
Till Education lends her art, unknown
The brightest talents lie a common stone;
By her fair hand when fashioned, the new mind
Arises with lustre, polished and refined.

—Boston Transcript.

Still In Vogue

We never smile about the exploits of Samson. The jaw-bones of asses have slain more millions than all the cunning weapons fashioned by men.

The Careless Prof Again

Mrs. Prof.: "My husband's so careless. His buttons are forever coming off."

Mrs. Prex (severely): "Perhaps they are not sewed on properly."

Mrs. Prof.: "That's just it. He's so careless about his sewing."

Correct

A mountaineer school teacher corrected a boy who said: "I ain't gwine thar."

"That's no way to talk. Listen: I am not going there; thou are not going there; he is not going there; we are not going there; you are not going there; they are not going there. Do you get the idea?"

"Yessur. They ain't nobody gwine."

Our Young Women

Ishbel Macdonald a Simple, Earnest Girl

Some of us are still worried about Miss Ishbel Macdonald's dress. One friend suggested that she might have managed a train for the White House dinner. Newspapers and newspaper women in America have been marvelously kind to the daughter of a visiting premier, and certainly she had, in the wife of the President of the United States a woman of world experience and vast understanding as well as one who could generally sympathize with her theories, as a hostess. But perhaps the fashion chroniclers were disappointed and felt they must record the fact that one morning Miss Macdonald got up at seven and put on a black satin, lace trimmed dress, a medium sized black hat and low heeled black pumps; and that in that costume she went to a university, then a luncheon, a sight-seeing tour and made a call at the White House besides going to an informal dinner. But we think it was a bit of an achievement to have effected a costume appropriate for so many occasions in a crowded day.

Again, at the White House dinner she was the only woman not wearing a train. Even Mrs. Hoover, who went through two administrations as the wife of a cabinet member without ever appearing in train, was gowned that night in blue velvet with a train that swept the floor two feet. But Miss Macdonald's simple gown of white satin was more than a matter of personal preference. It was correct for her. In England young women do not wear trains except when presented at court.

Miss Macdonald sat in state at glamorous dinners but she wanted to sit in the bleachers and see a real American ball game; and she wanted to slip away and see how an American child welfare station was conducted.

We read one story about her we enjoyed tremendously,—

Mrs. Snowden, wife of her father's distinguished cabinet member who has shared ideas with him, wrote to Ishbel when she first came to historical Number 10 Downing Street, to be its mistress. Mrs. Snowden offered to help the young girl choose her gowns and volunteered, also, to advise her how to behave when she would go to Buckingham Palace to see the queen. Ishbel's reply was brief:

"I have already chosen my gown," the letter read, and the word "gown" was singular not plural—"and I think I shall know how to behave." We could almost believe it, couldn't we?—the story.

Hallowe'en Parties General

Again Girl Scout troop meetings were turned into Hallowe'en parties with witches, black cats and fortune telling. Many troops joined the Boy Scouts of their towns or districts for an evening of fun. The Nyodas of Rock Springs entertained the newly organized Boy Scout troop of Lowell District. The boys' and girls' First Aid teams of Superior were entertained at the Superior Club House. Altogether full honor was done to the evening, and hoboes vied with Washingtons to attract blond Gretchens and Fairy Queens. Chic little harem ladies represented the Orient and danced comfortably with jazzy downs or real western cowboys. Each incongruity added to the fun and chief among the



The Nyodas, Rock Springs, were very sure there were ghosts in some of the corners.

revellers, the unseen though unghostly Mr. and Miss Good-fellowship, were everywhere.

With the Troops

Weddings

Miss Helen Rennie, captain of the Hanna Girls' First Aid Team, was married on Saturday, November 9th, to Mr. George Veitch. They spent a short honeymoon in Denver and are now at home to their friends in Hanna. Loving good wishes are extended by the Girl Scouts.

The Rock Springs' Owlettes entertained at a shower for Miss Thelma Stitler before her marriage on November 15th. Thelma will live on a ranch home north of Hanna, Wyoming, and carries with her the best wishes of the Rock Springs' girls.

Evelyn Jolly Convalescent

Scout Evelyn Jolly of Winton who has been ill is getting well.



Miss Marie Dykes, a former Owlette, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Dykes of Rock Springs, student nurse in Los Angeles.

Home Hygiene Classes

As many of the troops as could arrange their programs and as could be accommodated by the nurse, are taking the course of Home Hygiene classes. Now we'll have home nurses as well as first aiders. And these girls will have a body of information that will be valuable all their lives. Incidentally a course in First Aid is helpful in the study outlined in the Home nursing classes.

(Please turn to page 544)

Our Little Folks

A Christmas Parable

By Samuel McChord Crothers

ONCE there was a King who always had his own way. He had always about him people who looked up to him, and so he had formed the bad habit of looking down on them. He had a great contempt for common people and common things.

On Christmas Eve the young people and old wanted to come to the palace and sing a song of peace on earth, good will to men. But they were very common people who made their living by digging in the earth and caring for the things that grew out of it.

"The song is all right," said the King, "but I don't care to hear these people sing it. They are not my kind, and there are too many of them anyway. But I should dearly like to hear the angels sing up there in the sky. I have a taste for things spiritual. I should dearly love to see the harps of gold."

So on Christmas Eve he forbade the people to come near the palace. The crier made proclamation that the King must not be disturbed. He and the young prince would sit up on the holy night to hear the angels sing.

For the King was very religious, and, as he was used to being obeyed, he had no doubt that the angels would sing for him when they learned that this was his royal pleasure. He was anxious that his young son should be with him to enjoy the miracle.

They waited for the midnight—but no angels came.

"That is strange," said the King who was accustomed to promptitude. He went to the window and saw a star.

"Who are you?" asked the King.

"I am the star which guided the Wise Men to the place where the Young Child lay."

"Is that all?" said the King. "Stars are common. I have seen thousands of them and have not had enough interest in them to ask their names. There are so many of them. They are like the dust which rises from my chariot wheels. One can see a star any night."

So the star faded away and the King saw it no more. But the young prince went out and stood under the sky full of stars. There were thousands of them and each one was wonderful. And to think that they had been shining there before he was born!

When he came back his eyes were glowing. "Fa-

ther, you should go out and look at the stars. How they shine!"

"I have seen them before," said the King.

As they looked out from the palace they saw the shadowy forms of three ungainly beasts. Their steps were noiseless and they moved slowly as if they'd come from a great distance. And one of them was lame.

"Who are you?" said the King gruffly.

"We are the three camels on which the Wise Men rode when they followed the star to the place where the Young Child lay. We have crossed wide deserts and we are hungry and thirsty and tired."

"What is that to me?" said the King. "My son and I are waiting to hear the angels sing—we have never seen an angel or heard one. But we can see camels any day. Begone to your deserts, you ugly brutes."

But the young prince slipped out into the dark and gave the camels food and drink. "Angels," he said, "can take care of themselves but camels must be fed."

Then in the darkness appeared other creatures' moving forms.

"Who are you," said the King, "that you come to disturb my royal meditation?"

"We are the oxen who stood by the manger in which the Christ Child was laid." And other voices added, "we are the sheep that were in the fields of Bethlehem."

"Camels and oxen and sheep!" said the King. "Why should I be troubled with these earthly things on the one night when I want to feel religious?"

Then there came from the shadow of the trees in the King's park three poor men in rough clothing, leaning heavily on their staves.

"Who are you?" asked the King.

"We are poor shepherds of Bethlehem who watched over our sheep on the night when we heard a multitude of the heavenly host singing, 'Glory to God in the highest and on earth, peace, good will toward men.'"

"You heard it? A multitude of the heavenly host singing to such as you? You come to mock me." And he drove them away.

His young son said not a word, but stole softly after them. For he wanted to talk with the friendly shepherds and hear their tale.

Still the angels delayed.

At last a young boy came unannounced.

"Who are you?" growled the King.

"I am the Christ Child."

"I did not recognize you," said the King. "I

thought you would be different. You look so much like the children I have known."

"Did you know them?" said the Christ Child. "If you had really known them, you would have known Me."

Christmas Morning

Try this to the tune, St. George's Windsor, "Come Ye Thankful People Come."

Sing, oh happy children, sing,
While the chimes of Christmas ring.
Sing again the story old,
How in Bethlehem it is told,
Once a little child was born
On this happy Christmas morn
Peace on earth He came to bring.
Peace on earth, oh let us sing.

How his parents, good and kind,
Could no proper dwelling find,
So, beneath a cattle-shed,
With a manger for his bed,
There was born a little boy,
Sent to share our pain and joy,
Peace on earth He came to bring.
Peace on earth, oh let us sing.

Here the little Christ Child lay,
Here among the fragrant hay,
While above Him, shining far,
Glowed that wondrous Eastern Star.
Telling Wise Men far away
Of that holy Christmas Day.
Peace on earth He came to bring.
Peace on earth, oh let us sing.

When the chimes of Christmas ring,
When our Christmas hymns we sing,
When with love our spirits glow,
Angel voices whisper low
In one's heart the glad refrain,
"Christ the Lord is born again."
Peace on earth He came to bring.
Peace on earth, oh let us sing.

Second Children's Concert December Fourteenth

THE second of the series of young folks' concerts will be held in the Old Timers Community Building on Saturday afternoon, December fourteenth, at 2:30 P. M.

It is to be a Scottish concert and all the young folks are invited to be there in good time. There are four Scottish entertainers with Mr. Neil Patterson heading the talented group. There are three girls too, and they all wear beautiful Highland Scottish costumes. Mr. Patterson tells all about the bag pipes as well as plays them. He writes songs and plays familiar and old tunes on the pipes.

Miss Gladys Graham used to do solo dances with the famous Princess Pat's Band. She dances High-

land Fling, Irish Jig, Sword Dance, Scotch Reel, Sailor's Hornpipe, Drum Major Clog Dance and other newer ones.

It will be an excellent concert and already the artists have heard about how excellently all the boys and girls behaved at the Grosjean concert and are planning to give us a children's concert that will be their very best.

There will be posters announcing it, and you remind your parents to take you.

Santy's S'prise Tree

By Lou Rogers

BEFORE it's Christmas—a week or so,
The Gimmicks always love to go
And sit in Granny's sitting room,
A-munching Christmas cake called Scroom,
And a-talking over everything
They hope that Santy'll maybe bring.
Well, once when they were doing that,
Granny rose from where she sat.
"D'you know," said she, "I've often thought
That Santa Claus as like as not,
Would love a splendid Christmas Tree
With presents on, the same as we?"
And all those folks of Chim-Nik Town
Jumped up and down and up and down.
"HOORAY!" they shouted. "HIP, HOORAY!"
Right in the middle of Christmas Day
Let's up and s'prise our Santy Claus
With the biggest Tree that ever was,
With presents hung on every limb,
And every present just for him!"
And Panzig cried, "It seems to me
We ought to have that Christmas Tree
Right out of doors beneath the sky,
Because the reindeer would feel shy,
And mebb'y'd snort and run to hide,
If they should find it was inside!"
Spinny Ker-Whoop said, "List to me!
Santy's presents all must be
Things we've made our very selves,
So'st he can set them on his shelves,
And give each one a loving pat.
'Made just for me! Now, think er that!'"
And so for days and nights they worked
And not one Gimmick up and shirked.
The Mayor built a handsome clock
With feet to wind, so'st it would walk
Right up and down the mantel shelf
Whilst tickerty-tocking to itself!
And Chibby baked a mincemeat pie,
With raisins 'nough to fill the sky.
Oh, everything that's lots of fun
The Gimmicks made, and got them done;
Just all the fixings for a Tree
That make it splendid as can be!
By Christmas Eve they had them done,
And my! It was the grandest fun!
Each took a lovely Christmas tag,
(Please turn to page 544)



The Xmas Story in Shadows

The Birth of the Savior

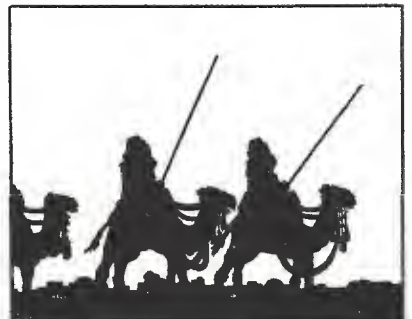
Here is the story of Christmas told in shadow pictures for you boys and girls; and Santa Claus, the old dear, has commissioned me to tell you that he will leave at the Magazine office three Christmas boxes for the first three boys or girls under fifteen years of age, who send in the verses of hymns or Christmas carols which best describe the part of the story told in each picture.

The very first one, at the top on the left hand side of the page should carry the verse we all know:

*"Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down his sweet head."*

Now you go on from there. Every one illustrates a verse of a Christmas song or hymn I have heard you sing in school or Sunday School or during our Christmas pageants. Just fill them in and send or bring them to the Magazine office. The first three boys or girls who do so will receive the Christmas gifts Santa promised to leave here. They're easy. Try them.

—Editor.



Santy's S'prise Tree

(Continued from page 542)

As big's a good size paper bag,
And signed his name, and also wrote
A joyous little Christmas note.
And right at noon on Christmas Day
They took the presents and stole away,
Up, up and up that snowy road
That leads to Santy Claus' abode;
And there, close up to Santy's wall,
The Gimmicks spied a tree so tall,
It seemed to dip its prickly spire
Right in the sun's own Christmas fire!
And it was wide around the boughs
As forty-seven great hay mows!
And frost was sparkling on its spills,
And icicles made glittering frills!
They almost shouted out with glee,
"THAT'S for Santy's Christmas tree!"

But still as anything they crept;
They guessed that Santy prob'ly slept;
They thought they heard him give a snore,
(He hadn't slept the night before
A-hauling packs of presents down
The chimney holes of Chim-Nik Town).
And gay and quick and silently
They hung their presents on that tree.
And oh! You would have raised a shout
To see the candles flashing out,
A-streaking up the Christmas snow
With colors like a rainbow glow!
And my! They loved the Tree a lot;
The best that ever was, they thought.
And then they gathered in a crowd,
And sang real sweet and high and loud
The Christmas carols they loved best.
And Santy got right up and drest,
And every minute, all the while,
He listened with a happy smile.
"Ho!" he said, "those songs are great!"
And just a crack he pushed his gate,
A-scootching so'st he could peek through.
And all the reindeer peeked out too.
And then he saw that marv'lous Tree!
"Land sakes alive! LAND SAKES!" said he
His mouth drooped down two feet about;
His eyes kept popping out and out
And when he knew it was for him,
With all the presents on each limb,
Why Santa Claus just clean forgot,
To act as stately as he ought!
He shouted loud with joy and glee,
A-dancing round and round that Tree.
And all the reindeer kicked their heels,
A-snorting out glad reindeer squeals.
And every present that was there
Santy picked with tenderest care
Right off that glorious Christmas Tree,
A-mumbling, "THAT was made for me!
Made just for me! Now, think er that!"

And cherished it with many a pat.
And once'n a while he shed a tear,
Because he thought it was so dear.
The reindeer got some sugar lumps,
And ribbons for their antler humps.
They were so proud and happy'n pleased,
They bent right down upon their knees,
And bowed their heads to left and right,
A-giving thanks with all their might!
And Santy said, "Now list to me,
My dear Tut-Tuts, I love this Tree!
Right on its tippest, topmost spire,
I'll set this ball of Christmas fire,
And it shall shine both night and day,
For ever and ever and for aye.
No matter where you work or play
You'll see it blink and flash away
And know that Santy Claus is here,
Surrounded by his fond reindeer,
A-loving each and every one
That lives beneath our Gimmick sun!"
And it was just as Santy said.
And always when they go to bed,
The Gimmicks look across the night,
And see their Santy's Christmas light.

With the Troops

(Continued from page 540)

Edith Crawford a Student Nurse Advises

Not so very long ago we talked to Miss Edith Crawford, formerly of the Hanna First Aid team, and now a student nurse in the Presbyterian Hospital in Denver. She told us that the knowledge of bandaging she'd gained as a first aider was of real assistance to her in her training, and her expertness the amazement of her fellow students. And now Edith is teaching First Aid to a class of Boy Scouts.

We Like Us

Once, one of our troops had a solemn meeting about a change in plans that was suggested. And one of our number, asked her opinion, said: "Why, I like us as we are." When we hear from girls like Edith and Marie Dykes and Mildred Foster in Los Angeles we jolly well repeat D——'s famous "We like us."



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You will find our "Weatherbirds" ideal health and service shoes for your happy, romping girls and boys.

Solid Leather Heels, Counters, Insoles, and Outsoles Insure Good Service.

Scientifically Proportioned Lasts Help Properly Develop the Growing Feet.

The Solid Leather Construction Makes Each Pair Easy to Repair and Greatly Increases the Wear.

All Sizes and Styles---High in Quality; Low in Price.

Sold by the six stores of
THE UNION PACIFIC COAL CO.



Got Results

Romeo (below balcony, with saxophone): "Hist, woman, open the window or I'll play this darn thing."

Another A'ne

The latest Scotch story we have heard is of a man who noticed an upper plate of false teeth tangled up in the handkerchief of a Scotch friend. "Why, Sandy," he inquired, "do you use false teeth?" "No," was the reply; "it's the mistress. She's been eating between meals."

—Chicago Journal of Commerce.

Reason Enough

Mrs. Newlywed: "Your wall papering job looks fine, dear, but what are those funny bumps?"

Mr. N.: "Good Heavens! I forgot to take down the pictures."

There You Are

Indignant Man (who has leaned against a newly painted rail): "Why don't you put 'Wet Paint' on that rail?"

Painter: "I just did."

Preparedness

"What is it?" asked the doctor who had been hurriedly summoned at midnight.

"Nothing this time, Doc," answered Newlywed, looking at his watch. "My wife wanted to see how soon you could get here in case the baby was suddenly taken ill."

Shoo!

"Did you miss that train, sir?" asked the porter.

"No! I didn't like the looks of it, so I chased it out of the station."

About Right

Now, Herbert," said the teacher, "how many seasons are there?"

"Do you mean in the United States?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Two."

"Only two? Name them."

"Baseball and football."

Why the Camel Has the Hump

An elderly man approached one of the attendants in the traveling menagerie.

"Can you tell me what that hump on the camel's back is for?" he asked.

The keeper scratched his ear.

"What it's for," he murmured.

"Yes; what use has it?"

"Well, it's pretty useful, sir. The old camel wouldn't be much use without it, you know."

"But why not?"

"Why not!" exclaimed the keeper in surprise. "Well, you don't suppose people would pay to see 'im if 'e adn't an 'ump, do you?"

News About All of Us

Rock Springs

Mrs. F. A. Hunter has been called to Evanston where her mother is seriously ill.

Mrs. Wm. Jackson has been confined to her home with illness the past month.

Sherman McMahon, of San Francisco, is visiting here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter McMahon.

Harold Cook is confined to the Wyoming General Hospital where he is recovering from injuries received while at work on October 26th.

Wm. Daniels has accepted a position in the mine office, taking the place of S. C. Stavran who has been transferred to Winton, and Harry Crofts has also accepted a position in the mine office taking the place of Raino Matson, transferred to Winton.

Mrs. Thos. Crofts is confined to her home at No. 6, the result of a bad fall.

Frank Parr and Wm. Card are moving into their new homes recently erected at No. 3.

The Parent-Teachers Association, of the Lowell School, gave a card party on Saturday Evening, November 9th, at the Lowell School.

John Firmage Sr., of Salt Lake City, is visiting here with relatives.

Wm. Murray is confined to the Wyoming General Hospital where he is recovering from injuries received at work in No. 4 Mine on October 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. John Keeler, of Kemmerer, visited with Mrs. Keeler's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Outsen, recently.

Mike Andros has returned from a six months' visit with relatives in Greece.

Matt Morrison is recovering from a severe attack of la grippe.

Ben Butler has moved into his new home recently erected in the Hillside addition on West Flat.

Gunther Frotscher, of No. 8 Mine, has gone to Ohio where he expects to spend the winter.

Howard Johnson of Winton, has accepted a position at the Boiler Plant.

A. D. Siminon has gone to Iowa where he expects to locate.

Walter, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred R. Anderson is slowly recovering from a severe attack of spinal meningitis.

Superior

Miss V. Bestul is conducting classes in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick for all the girls of Superior. In another month or two most any of us may get ill and be quite sure of nursing care and attention.

Superior's Breakaway Pep Club have natty new suits, new cheers, a full line of encouragement for the home team and lusty voices.

Young Harold Yednak and his mother entertained a group of little friends on his third birthday anniversary.

The Superior Woman's Club conducted a most successful public card party early in November.

Miss Elvira Powell visited at home over the first of November week-end.

The boys and girls of the Scout First Aid teams had a Hallo-wen party in the Club House. Mrs. Geo. A. Brown was a most acceptable fortune teller.

Saturday afternoon, October 26th, Mrs. W. H. Weimer and Miss Shedden entertained the primary Sunday School class with a Hallo-wen party at the church. Refreshments were in the colors of the special fete day.

The Community Church building was the scene of a happy time on Tuesday evening when Miss Teagarden entertained her Sunday School class and also the senior boys' class with a Hallo-wen party. Games were played and



Graham Hood of Superior with his first catch.



Margaret Flatter and Sarah Ann Wood, grandchildren of Mrs. Richard Wales, Superior.

delightful refreshments served. All present voted Miss Teagarden a splendid hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay Barger are the parents of a baby son born on Saturday, October 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Pintor of "B" Hill are the parents of a fine boy born on Sunday, October 27.

Leland Wright, son of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Wright, of "B" Hill underwent an operation for appendicitis at the Wyoming General Hospital on Friday, October 25th.

The Boy Scouts went on an overnight hike on November 10th, returning on the afternoon of the 11th. The hike

was enjoyed by all participants. Over twenty tests were

passed. There were sixteen boys besides the Scoutmaster, J. H. Haueter.

The annual Rebekah and I. O. O. F. dance was held in the Labor Temple, November 2nd. A delightful plate lunch was served from the stage and a very enjoyable time is reported by all those in attendance.

The Ex-Service Men's Armistice Day dinner and ball was a tremendous success, and it was decided that it should be made an annual affair.

Winton

Winton homes celebrated Thanksgiving in real Early American style. Several of the young folks were home from college and added to the joy of the day.

It is good to learn that Miss Evelyn Jolly is getting well again.

Mr. Roy McDonald, Sr., has been ill.

Our youngsters are still taking turns having chicken-pox.

The Girl Scout Halloween party was a splendid success.

Mrs. Tom Hanks spent a recent week-end in Rock Springs.

Miss Catherine Anderson has been visiting from Denver.

The November card party arranged by the Woman's Club was unusually successful. Mr. and Mrs. Ben Butler were awarded first prizes; Mrs. Bob Jolly and Mr. Mike Brack, second; Mrs. Dan Gardiner, free-for-all; consolation going to Mrs. Cobbler and Kirk Cammack.

THE KIND OF LETTER HE LIKES!



CHRISTMAS SEALED

Flowers were sent by Mrs. Salmon and enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Meyers entertained at bridge recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Kenyon have gone to California. We'll miss them.

Mrs. A. Spence has been visiting her parents in Hanna.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Loomis have been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Bob Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Gardiner entertained at a fascinating dancing party early in November.

Dorothy Logas and Ruth Slaughter were hostesses at Hallowe'en parties.

Cumberland

Chris Johnson, Master Mechanic at Cumberland for the last twelve years, has recently retired, and with Mrs. Johnson has moved to Long Beach, California, to make his home. Before their departure Mrs. Seth Ackerlund and Mrs. Ed Bakka gave a farewell party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson at the home of Mrs. Ackerlund.

Miss Ada Goddard, daughter of Mrs. Harry Goddard, is visiting at Washington, D. C.

Mr. Louis Ropelato, brother of Albino Ropelato, was so



Louis Ropelato, mourned in Cumberland.

severely crushed when his team ran away, that his death occurred three days later. Mr. Ropelato was employed at the company ranch and had worked at The Union Pacific Mines for thirteen years previous to his service at the ranch.

Mrs. David Miller has recovered from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert LaCroix have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Evan Reese at Rock Springs, Wyoming.

Mr. George Hunter and Cedric Addy have gone to Bremerton, Washington, to accept positions in the Navy Yard.

Mrs. Reiva, Mrs. Woolrich and Mrs. Pope Walsh have entertained the sewing club during the month. The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. C. C. Snyder.

A daughter was born to Mrs. Mary Gramaccia on October 25th.

A boy was born to Mrs. Earl Welsh on October 26th.

The following were visitors in Salt Lake over Armistice Day: Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Travis, Miss Faye Wilde, Miss Helen Miller; Mr. P. A. Young and family; Mr. and Mrs. Walt Johnson, Mrs. Axel Johnson and Howard Johnson; Mrs. Thos. Dodds and Tommy Dodds.

Mr. Seth Ackerlund has been appointed Master Mechanic, replacing Mr. Chris Johnson who has recently retired.

Mr. Earl Welsh has returned from Winton, Wyoming.

Reliance

This town joins the nearby communities in expressing to Mr. James McPhie and his family its heartfelt sympathy in their recent sorrow.

Reliance has been indulging in a real carnival of

whoopie and bingo, and cowboys, sheiks, fortune tellers, turkey, electrical appliances and what not.

Our sidewalks are reported to be interested in Cupid.

Mrs. Archie Stuart now knows the past, present and future of everybody in town. Why? Ask the carnival manager.

Mrs. Jack Rafferty and Mrs. James Sterling entertained delightfully at a Hallowe'en party at the Jack Rafferty home.

Mr. Harry Lawrence has promised to entertain us at breakfast soon. He says four is his lucky number so he'll entertain four and cook the breakfast himself at four A. M.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Schultz from Colorado have been visiting at the Rudolph Ebeling home.

Mr. Geo. Snyder entertained at bridge on Thursday evening, November 14th.

Martin McPhie of Salt Lake was in Reliance to attend the funeral services of Mrs. James McPhie.

The Woman's Club is promoting classes in Home Hygiene and Home Care of the Sick as a fall project.

Hanna

Misses Tuttie Mangan, Ellen Leivo and Helmie Kovisto have gone to Los Angeles, California, to become student nurses.

Miss Hilda Passanen left for Los Angeles where she has accepted a position.

Cudahy's

PURITAN

Bacon
Hams
Lard



MR. J. S. WEPPNER
Representative

Rock Springs, Wyoming

"The Taste Tells"

THE CUDAHY PACKING CO.
of Nebraska
NORTH SALT LAKE, UTAH

Until there's a greater name than **EDISON**
---there'll never be a greater **RADIO!**
CHIPP'S, 607 No. Front St., Rock Springs

Bert Taylor has been confined to his home on account of illness.

The Loyal Order of Moose and the women of the Mooseheart Legion entertained at a 6 o'clock supper and Children's Day program at the Finn Hall on Saturday, October 26th.

A very delightful dance was given by the Alumni Association of the High School in the Finn Hall on Friday evening, October 25th.

The wedding of Miss Edna Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Clark of Hanna, and John Doran of Salt Lake City took place at St. Joseph's church at Rawlins. The newlyweds will make their home in Salt Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Briggs returned from Rochester, Minnesota, where Mrs. Briggs underwent an operation at the Mayo Brothers' Hospital.

Miss Doris Sheratt entertained a number of her friends at a 6 o'clock dinner on Wednesday, October 30th.

Mrs. S. I. Rodda and son John returned from California. John is convalescing from injuries received in an automobile accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dickinson left for Denver where Mr. Dickinson will seek employment. They will be greatly missed by their many friends who wish them the best of success in their new location.

Mrs. Thos. Dickinson was honored with two farewell parties on Friday, November 8th. The women of the Mooseheart Legion entertained Friday afternoon, and the Pythian Sisters in the evening at the Lodge Hall. Mrs. Dickinson received beautiful gifts.

A party consisting of Mrs. Jos. Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Jackson, Mrs. Bert Tavelli, Mrs. Wm. Hapgood, Miss Eileen Lucas, Arvey Matson and Robert Warburton motored to Casper and were the dinner guests of Mrs. I. C. Hurt, formerly Alice Ann Jackson.

Mrs. Bert Tavelli entertained at a birthday dinner on Sunday, October 27th. Her guests were Messrs. and Mesdames Jos. Jackson, Jos. Lucas, John Hudson, Wm.

WESTERN AUTO TRANSIT COMPANY

Drive the NEW HUDSON
80 miles per hour

or

Drive the NEW ESSEX
70 miles per hour

—
REG SPEED WAGON
—

PRESTO-LITE BATTERIES
DUNLOP TIRES

SALES and SERVICE

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The First Security Bank

of

Rock Springs, Wyoming

Wishes

You and Yours
A Very Merry Christmas



Wouldn't YOU
like to say ' ' '

"I drive a
CHRYSLER"?



Nothing equals Chrysler ownership. There are no motor cars so masterful, brilliant and stylish—none will give you greater satisfaction over a greater number of years.

UNION MOTOR CO.

270 Elk Street

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Storage — Oil — Gasoline
Complete Garage Service

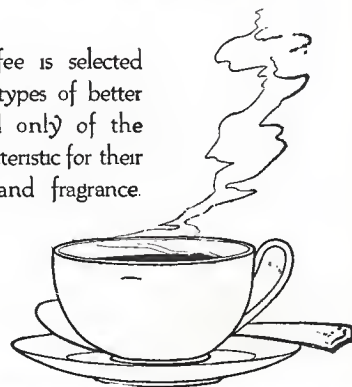


Know the History of the Coffee You Drink

The green coffees which Paxton & Gallagher Co. roasts comes from all over the world—from Brazil, Arabia, East Indies, Hawaii, Porto Rico and all tropical countries.

The quality in coffee depends upon the peculiar character of certain coffees. Some are sweet, some acid and many with various degrees of flavor and aroma.

Butter-Nut Coffee is selected from all the highest types of better grades and blended only of the richest varieties characteristic for their deliciousness, flavor and fragrance.



Butter-Nut "The Coffee Delicious"

Hapgood, Miss Eileen Lucas, Joe Jackson, Jr. and Arvey Matson.

Armistice Day was celebrated under the auspices of Ted Wilkes Post No. 27 of the American Legion. There was shooting of bombs in the morning followed by a parade of ex-service men in uniform led by the Hanna Band to the monument at the school where services were conducted. At 1 o'clock candy and nuts were distributed to all children. This was followed by a dance at Love's Hall which lasted till 5 o'clock. At 5:30 a very successful day's program was brought to a close by a beautiful display of fireworks.

Miss Mildred Grace and the Misses Christensen entertained at a miscellaneous shower on November 14th, for Mrs. Wilho Kandolin, who surprised her friends by announcing that she has been married since May. Those who attended the shower were Mesdames A. Warburton, G. G. Stoddard, Ray Withrow, Wm. Wright, Robert Houston of Greeley, Misses Jean Milliken, Etta Dodds, Millie Chadwick, Irene Johnson, Eileen Lucas, Lena Campbell, Mildred Baillie, Dorothy, Evelyn and Alice Christensen, Mildred Grace and the honored guest, Mrs. Wilho Kandolin, nee Mabel Wright.

Mrs. Robt. Houston and baby, of Greeley, Colorado, are visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Wright, for a few days.

Mrs. Wilho Kandolin will accompany her sister Mrs. Robert Houston on her return to Greeley, going on to Salida where the Kandolins will make their home. Mr. Kandolin has a position there as accountant.

Miss Jean Milliken entertained at a bridge "Kid" party at the home of Mrs. H. M. Challender on November 15th. Among those present were Millie Chadwick, Etta Dodds, Mrs. Wilho Kandolin, Mrs. Wm. Wright, Irene Johnson, Dorothy, Evelyn and Alice Christensen, and Mrs. Ray Withrow.

Tono

The Community Club members sponsored a public card party on Wednesday evening October 30th. About fifteen tables were in play with prizes going to Mrs. Bradford and Mrs. Nelson, Centralia; Mrs. Steven Androsko,

Mr. Horace Eggler, M. J. Mardicott and Mr. Oliver Ingersoll. Miss Ellen Nelson won the door prize. Autumn leaves made a colorful decoration for the rooms.

Mrs. John Schuck entertained a number of her friends at bridge on Tuesday evening, October 29th.

Mr. Horace Eggler attended the district meeting of the American Legion at Aberdeen on October 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. John Porich entertained at a family dinner on Sunday, November 3rd, her mother Mrs. Mary Richardson of Centralia, being honored guest.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Barber were called to Buckley to attend the funeral of their uncle.

Mrs. Chas. Price from Tacoma visited in Tono with friends and relatives. Mrs. Price, prior to her marriage, was Miss Irene Patterson. Miss Elaine Warren accompanied Mrs. Price to Tacoma where she visited for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Mardicott and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Planeta motored to Wilkeson to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barton and family. Mr. Barton was formerly principal of the Tono School and is now principal at the Wilkeson school.

Mrs. George Paul was taken to St. Luke's Hospital where she underwent a serious operation. Her friends are

Rock Springs Drug Co., Inc.

T. C. CHIDESTER, Prop.

"COURTESY AND SERVICE"

*A Full Line of New Christmas Gifts
and Novelties.*

See them before buying elsewhere.

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Phone 325

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Phone 234

ROCK SPRINGS, WYO.



The Tono Sunday School.

glad to know that she is convalescing as rapidly as can be expected.

Mrs. Margaret Litts and daughter Jean have moved to their home at Centralia.

Rev. and Mrs. Chas. Baker from Centralia were in Tono and visited with Mrs. Flani and family.

The Community Club ladies entertained their husbands at the Club House. Nine tables were in play with high score being won by Mrs. James Corcoran and Mr. Oliver Ingersoll, second high by Mrs. M. H. Messinger and Mr. Ernest Barber and consolation by Mrs. Harry Warren and Mr. M. H. Messinger.



Misses Margaret and Mildred Mills from Centralia have been house guests at the E. C. Way home here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Stahlburg and daughters from Longview, Washington, spent a recent week-end with Mrs. Stahlburg's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Hann.

"Under the Sea" is the play to be given by the Tono Public School in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Murray and daughter Jean spent

ELK BRAND PICKLES

 Pint Jar 25c
 Quart Jar 39c

No matter what the occasion may be, pickles always make the menu complete. For luncheon, for dinner, whether you want sweet, sour, dill or chow, you'll find that Elk Brand Pickles are always the best.

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UTAH PICKLE COMPANY
 SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
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On Sale
 at All Stores
THE UNION PACIFIC COAL COMPANY

A Strong Foundation for Your Christmas Tree

To both the kiddies and grown-ups, perhaps Christmas is the happiest time of all the year.

But the Yuletide has its unpleasant aftermath—the bills. Christmas is an expensive occasion.

Many customers of the Rock Springs National Bank have found that by saving a small sum each week, and depositing it in a savings account, they completely remove the financial shadow from the Christmas season.

What could be a stronger foundation for a Christmas tree than a well-filled savings pass book?

ROCK SPRINGS NATIONAL BANK

ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING

OPEN MINE PAY DAYS FROM SIX UNTIL EIGHT

a few days at their summer home at Hoods Canal. Mrs. Murray is known as one of the best anglers in Tono. While at the canal she caught two salmon, weighing 15 and 18 pounds.

Julius Karp from American Lake was in town renewing old acquaintances. Mr. Karp was Tono's barber for several years and is now barber at the American Lake Hospital.

Mrs. Bert Anderson from Wayne, Indiana, is visiting her nephew, Mr. Bert Boardman, of Tono, and other relatives in Washington for a couple of months.

Mr. Wilbert Friend is the owner of a new Ford Sedan.

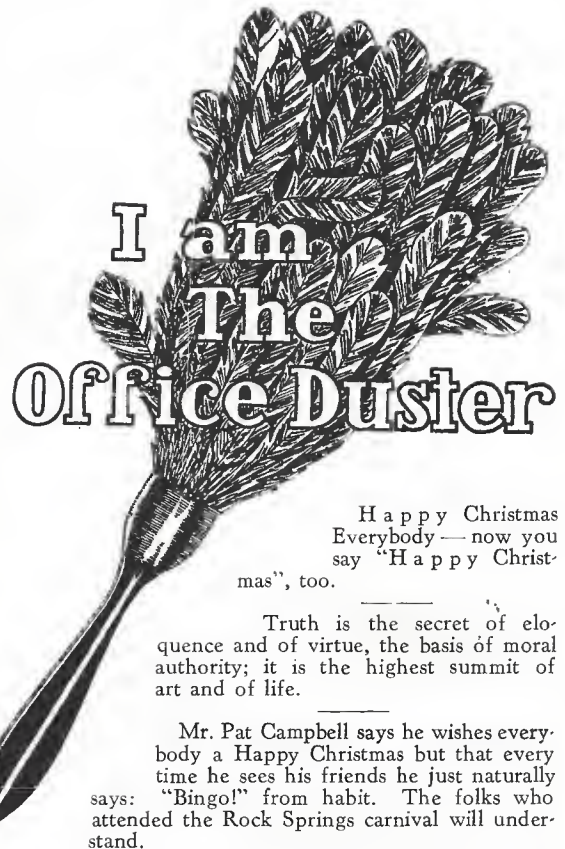
Mr. and Mrs. L. A. McBratney are enjoying a new radio.

Mr. Jay Norman of Seattle spent a couple of days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Norman.

Mr. Chas. Way was a grand host at his parent's home, to fourteen of his young friends. The evening was spent with playing cards and dancing and a very enjoyable evening was reported by all the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Egger and Mr. Henry Becker motored to Seattle where they attended a formal dinner dance at the home of Mr. Horace Egger's aunt, Mrs. Dr. Brydon on Bitter Lake.

An attractive affair of the season was the party Friday evening, November 1st, 1929, at which time Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Messenger entertained a group of friends at their home. The guests entered the house by way of "Spook Alley" situated on the front porch. Halloween motifs were used about the rooms in an attractive manner. Two special features on the program were the contest for the man wearing the longest shoe. John Schuck was the unfortunate man while Mrs. Bert Boardman won the prize for whistling the loudest among the ladies. The balance of the evening was devoted to playing 500. After refreshments were served the guests presented Mr. and Mrs. Messenger with a lovely electric toaster for their twentieth wedding anniversary, November 1, 1929.



Happy Christmas
Everybody — now you
say "Happy Christ-
mas", too.

Truth is the secret of eloquence and of virtue, the basis of moral authority; it is the highest summit of art and of life.

Mr. Pat Campbell says he wishes everybody a Happy Christmas but that every time he sees his friends he just naturally says: "Bingo!" from habit. The folks who attended the Rock Springs carnival will understand.

We Sell **UNDERHILL OVERALLS**

*because they
give*

Satisfaction



The **Cottage Art Studio**

South Front Street
Opposite U. P. Depot

*The Most Up-to-Date Studio in
Rock Springs*

Open 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. and
any evening by appointment.

We carry an up-to-date line in Picture Frames,
also many novelties for Christmas.

Get your portraits taken early to avoid
disappointment during the
Christmas rush.

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91-W

Home Phone
607-J

A. & K. St. Croix

And we rather suspect Mr. Pryde was collecting Christmas gifts at the bazaar—only he forgot it was “——— days to Christmas.”

Christmas excitement rather started for us when Engineer Livingston drew that Santy. Honest, isn't he a pretty nice Santa Claus.

The Duster was once acquainted with a curious and ancient Englishman who was fond of telling how to make real English plum pudding, and always ended thus: “And suppose tomorrow is Christmas — — she was put on to cook yesterday!” Puddings need to be put on yesterday, but it's rather funny to deliberately tell how to replenish a cookie jar when Mother Ebeling is about to give practical demonstrations.

Wish now I'd gone to Sunday School a bit more. Didn't know old Santa Claus would ever be interested in the verses of hymns.

Community Councils in our towns are singing:
“Deck the halls with boughs of holly
‘Tis the season to be jolly.”

By all means fill the Christmas cookie jar. So say the little folks—and the rest of us.

Buy Christmas seals. They helped give us school inspection service last year.

A Legend

By B. Y. Williams

In old barbaric splendor slow they came
Across the desert plain—the three great kings
From out the East, each bearing precious things
To greet the Christ. Before them spread their fame;
And humble dwellers near the Bethlehem

*For
these wintry mornings*

**Mayflower
Hams
Bacon or
Sausages**

“Hit the spot”

**Blayney Murphy Company
Denver, Colorado**

**BANQUET
BETTER BUTTER**
has NO SUBSTITUTE

**NELSON
RICKS
CREAMERY
CO.**

**Fresh Daily
at Your
Grocers'**

Came out to see them and to add their store
 Of meagre gifts to those the Magi bore.
 But one, Befana, took no heed of them
 Too busy with her daily tasks! She'd learn
 Their story later. But they came no more;
 And old Befana sits beside her door
 Through all the years, still waiting their return.

Oh heart of mine, this is the Christmas Day—
 Fold for a time your busy cares away!

It is significant perhaps of the new desire for peace being given expression by women over the world that whereas the statue of Edith Cavell, near Trafalgar Square, London, when first erected carried one motto only, "For King and Country," two mottoes are now added. They are Miss Cavell's own words: "Patriotism is not enough"; "I hate no man."

The thoughtful gift should be beautiful, useful, lasting, appropriate, friendly, a real expression of good will—but what is it and where do you get it?

A Tragedy

"Trim the tree for the children, love,
 Before you come to bed."
 A barber's wife from the floor above
 These words to him she said.
 The barber was weary, as one might see;
 All day he'd been on his job.
 He used his scissors to trim the tree,
 And gave it a boyish bob.

Parallel lines never meet. We learned about that in school. But they differ from the folks we met on our summer vacation and promised we'd certainly write to, we're sure to meet them in a department store doing our Christmas shopping.

Sterling and Buster Brown Hosiery



They Wear



Sold in All Stores of
**The Union Pacific Coal
 Company**

Use SPERRY Drifted Snow Flour

The Largest Selling
Flour in the West!



Sperry Flour Company

Christmas Gift

LONG ago, when we were youngsters, we were always on the alert early Christmas morning to call "Christmas Gift" to some other member of the family. The supposition was that the party first calling those words was to receive a present from the other—tho it seldom turned out that way.

Christmas is again rapidly approaching. Christmas gifts are the vogue. This year people are looking toward the more practical gifts. We are ready to supply the latest hosiery styles and colors. No one ever has too many stockings.

The Union Pacific Coal
Company

Rock Springs, Wyoming



Rollins Silk Hosiery

The Practical Gift!

Best Wishes for
a Big Christmas to every member
of the
Union Pacific Coal Company
organization

Rollins Hosiery Mills, Inc.
Des Moines, Iowa

GLUTEN

WHEAT flour contains a quality known as "gluten." Gluten is an elastic substance which expands with the gas released from yeast during the bread-baking process. This quality in gluten forms the cellular network of the loaf makes the bread "light" and palatable. Occident Four is exceptionally high in both quality and quantity of gluten—because it is milled from the finest high protein hard wheat.

free

We shall be glad to send you a series of thoroughly tested bread, cake and pastry recipes. Please address our Home Economics Department.

Through the higher quality of Occident you obtain finer flavor, lasting freshness and added food value as well. Occident costs more—AND IS WORTH IT!

The RUSSELL-MILLER MILLING Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Maid O'Clover PRODUCTS

—Butter
—Cheese
—Eggs

- 1—MAID O' CLOVER butter is made from pure sweet cream.
- 2—MAID O' CLOVER cheese is made from pure sweet milk.
- 3—MAID O' CLOVER eggs selected from the very best poultry farm eggs.

Insist from your grocerman on Maid O' Clover products always.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
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Ask your dealer for—

FURNITURE AND BEDDING

Made by

THE COLORADO
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DENVER, COLORADO

THIS, THE SEASON
OF GOOD CHEER, IS AN OPPOR-
TUNITY TO THANK YOU FOR YOUR
KIND FAVORS AND TO WISH YOU

*A Merry Christmas and a
Happy New Year*



SOUTHERN WYOMING ELECTRIC
COMPANY

ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING



May We Join
In This Seasonal Opportunity to
Thank You and Wish You

A Most Happy
Holiday Season



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"The Peoples' Bank"

WESTERN CAFE

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

North Front Street

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Bring the whole family to our
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Christmas Dinner

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FIRST CLASS SODA FOUNTAIN

A trial will convince you of our superiority.

A CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

Excellence

—that is long-lived

Any comparison of the Dodge Six with other cars at its price reveals this truth: the Dodge Six is built to perform more capably—to serve more dependably—to last longer. Body construction is stauncher. Its motor has greater piston displacement—finer pistons—more piston rings—more crankshaft bearings. It has a deeper frame with more cross members—longer springs—better brakes—bigger tires. In every detail that assures finer performance, safety, dependability and long-lived excellence, the Dodge Six excels.

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ROCK SPRINGS

ROCK SPRINGS MOTOR CO.

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ROCK SPRINGS, WYO.

The Old Reliable Firm for Used Cars.

WE BACK THEM UP FOR SERVICE.
COME AND SEE THEM.

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Christmas Greetings

Morrison Furniture Company

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Rock Springs, Wyo.

Christmas Gifts for Every Purse

J. C. PENNEY COMPANY

ROCK SPRINGS, WYOMING

Boys' Helmets

Aviator Model



MILLER'S PHARMACY

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Complete Line of Greeting Cards
Boxed Candies, Perfumes, Perfume Sets
Fancy Toilet Sets, Leather Goods, etc.

Registered Pharmacist always in charge.

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Building Materials and Paints
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**DRUGS, KODAKS, STATIONERY
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Prescriptions Carefully Compounded
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**ICE CREAMS
SHERBETS - BRICKS**

Supplies and favors for
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Home Made Candy Magazines and Stationery
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*Your Luncheon is Complete When
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**PIES - CAKES - ROLLS
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**GARDNER and
GRAHAM-PAIGE
MOTOR CARS**

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JOSEPH SCHOTT

Window Glass,
Stoves, Ranges and Kitchen Utensils

SKATES AND SLEDs

128 K Street ROCK SPRINGS

Spend
the Holiday Season
at

THE PLAY-MORE

**BIG DANCES
XMAS AND NEW YEARS EVES**

under the
Beautiful Crystal Ball

ROCK SPRINGS

EMIL BERTAGNOLLI, JULIO BELLU, Managers

A Full and Complete Line of **WALK-OVER SHOES**

They will make a suitable
Christmas present.

Cohen's Chicago Bazaar

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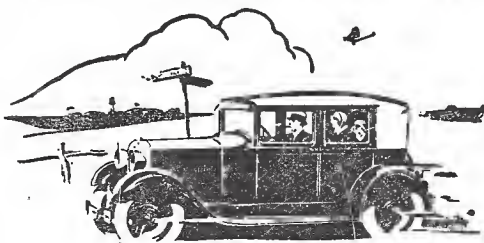
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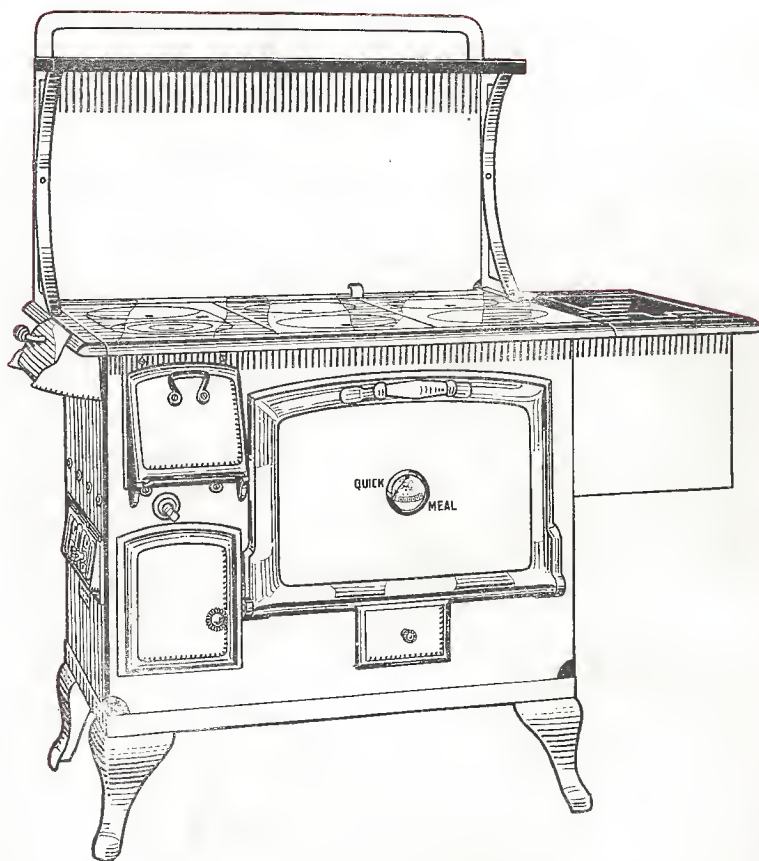
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